Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS MAY 19, 1951

DOUBLE-TAKE ON MISSISSIPPI

By B. J. SKELTON

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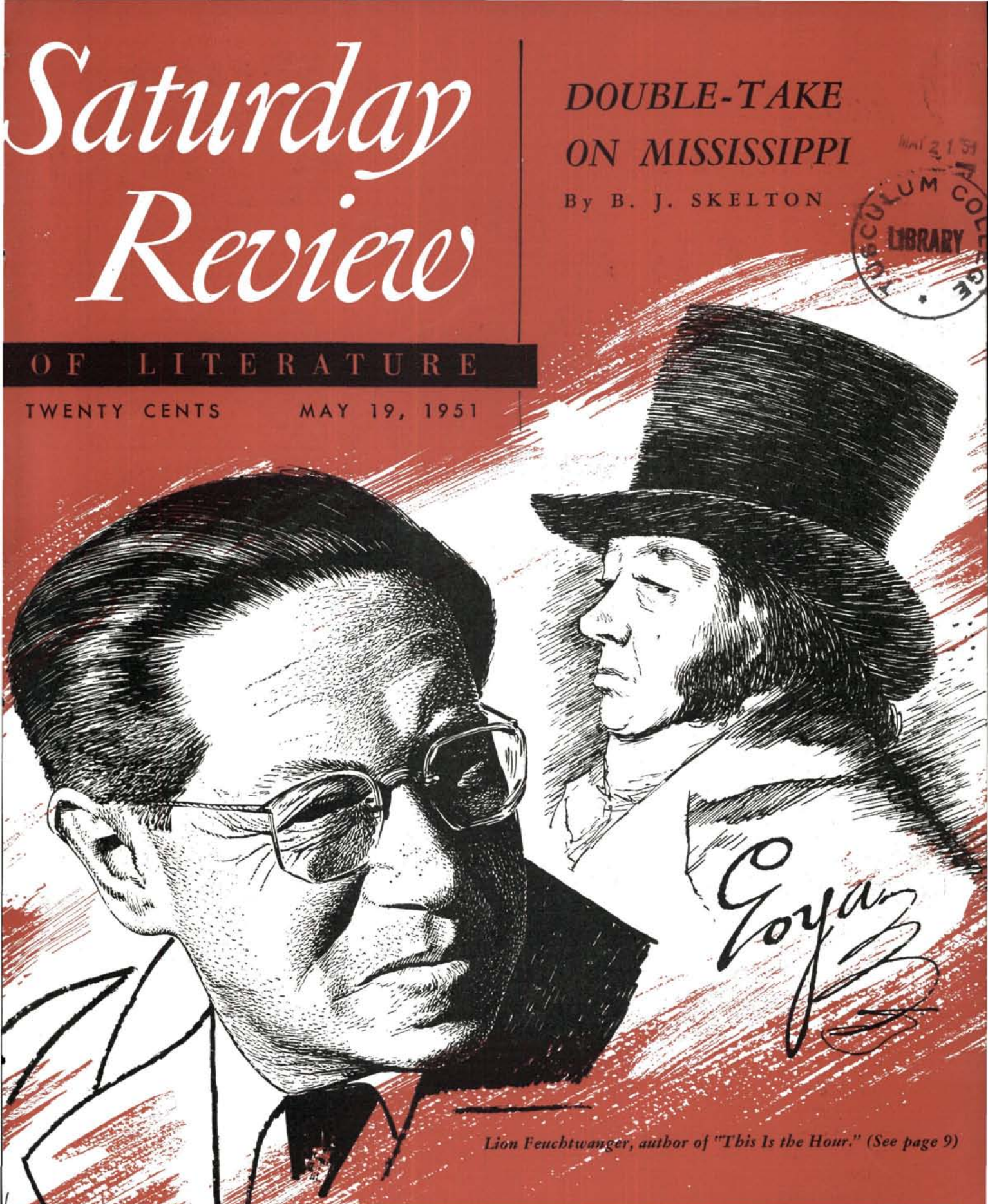

Lion Feuchtwanger, author of "This Is the Hour." *(See page 9)*

When Medicine Makes the Headlines

By RUSSELL S. BOLES, M.D.

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in loafers?

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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May 19, 1951

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 20, May 19, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • Aboard the Santa Fé *Chief* Doubleday's Charlie Marshall decided to poll the passengers concerning their reading habits in transit. Of the sixty-two passengers queried thirty carried no books at all, twenty-nine had quarter books aboard (one man on his way to the Philippines produced twenty-two), one was reading "From Here to Eternity," another "Seeds of Treason," a third "Nightrunners of Bengal." A Milwaukee brewer said he'd be damned if he'd read bulky, oversized novels; he wanted them pocket - size, regardless of cost. He held that "to print books big when they obviously could be packaged small was horse-and-buggy thinking," like "drinking beer out of a stone jug when there was a more handy glass available." One lady indignantly hustled Marshall out of her drawing room, complaining, "Imagine allowing book agents on such a fine train!"

• • In the Cornell Club Frank Sullivan refers to "From Here to Eternity" as "The Jonesey Report."

• • In Baltimore the F. Scott Fitzgerald furore reminded merchant Martin Kohn, of Hochschild, Kohn, of the time his able book buyer, Vic Slifer, wanted twenty-five copies of "Tender Is the Night" autographed in a hurry and sent a messenger with them in a taxicab to Fitzgerald's home on North Charles Street. Exactly seven hours later the messenger returned, starry-eyed, with nineteen copies duly signed. He didn't know what had happened to the rest of the books. He had no idea he had been gone all day. All he knew was that he had had a wonderful time and that nobody could talk like Scott Fitzgerald or be such a charming host. "One thing he said puzzled me, though," admitted the lad. "Just as I was leaving Mr. Fitzgerald said, 'Do you mind if I ask you a question? Which one are you—Mr. Hochschild or Mr. Kohn?'"

• • In San Francisco a secondhand bookseller listened to General MacArthur on the radio and marked down "America's Future in the Pacific" from three dollars to twenty-nine cents.

• • At a New York gala the Duchess of Windsor expressed relief that the Duke's memoirs were at long last completed, shook a mean and expert Charleston to emphasize her remarks. "The Duke was literally chained to his desk for three years with that manuscript," she recalled, "and he is definitely not the indoors type. Everywhere we went that tin box labeled 'Book' went with us." But now the ordeal is over, "A King's Story" is selling like all get-out, and the Duke and Duchess themselves are getting out to their home on the French Riviera.

• • In New Haven Robert Penn Warren has been appointed professor of playwriting at Yale, succeeding Marc Connelly in one of the most coveted posts in the university world. Warren moves over from the University of Minnesota. Connelly goes back to full-time duties in the theatre. TRADE WINDS salutes both of them.

• • In Newton, Connecticut, a friend met Novelist Kyle Crichton in a supermarket and observed, "I hear you have a new book, done in the style of 'Tom Jones.' How's it going?" Crichton answered tersely, "Good Fielding; no hit."

• • In Cleveland Charles K. Jackson retired as buyer for Burrows Brothers after years of distinguished service. At about the same time Marion Dodd bowed out of active duty at the Hampshire Book Shop in Northampton. The book business can spare these two stalwarts about as easily as the Yankees could do without Eddie Lopat and "Scooter" Rizzuto.

• • In a bulletin from the Writers Board for World Government appeared this poignant vignette:

> You probably saw his picture in *Life* magazine. It was shot by David Douglas Duncan: a helmeted young marine looking past you, his face wrapped in a muffler, a can of frozen beans in his mittened hands. Edward J. Steichen, choosing the picture for a wall of the Museum of Modern Art, asked Duncan how he got it, and Duncan told him: Dawn had just grayed the Korean winter sky. Marines were trying to eat their frozen rations. One of them seemed to portray them all in his frigid misery—a man so cold that his face had lost even the hope of survival. And the photographer tried a familiar device to get a flicker of expression on the chill GI face. He asked the boy: "Say, if you could have anything you wanted right now, what would you ask for?"
>
> His camera was set. And he waited for the expression to match the answer he expected—"a steak and French fries" or "a beautiful blonde" or even "my ma's blueberry pie." But the face changed very little. The Marine looked at Duncan, then—"What do I want? Tomorrow."

• • In *Newsweek* Morris Horton nominated the famous hotel man Conrad Hilton as "the most effective literary critic of the year." Hilton, checking up on one of his Manhattan hostelries, found a bookstore occupying ground-floor space at $250 a month. He handed the bookseller a dispossess notice and put in a cocktail lounge. First week's net receipts: $4,000.

• • In Hollywood Tennessee Williams autographed a script for Jane Wyman, "10 Wms." And Groucho Marx, turned literary critic for the nonce, admitted, "I think most book reviews are too long. The last one I wrote was 112 pages longer than the book. In fact, I was so busy writing the review I never got around to reading the book."

• • In Dublin Sean O'Casey was introduced to Paul Gallico and was uncommonly cordial to him all evening. When he arose to depart the reason became clear. He clapped Paul on the back and boomed, "Fine to have met you, Mr. Gallagher."

• • In Winnetka, Illinois, Kyrill Scharbert, of Pantheon Books, espied a vision of loveliness in the Chestnut Court Book Shop, identified her as Martha Gutlohn Loewenstein, tucked her cleverly under his arm, and married her.

• • In Martindale's, Beverly Hills, Rachel Brand booked sixty advance orders in one day for "A Pictorial History of the American Theatre." Most of the orders came from recognized stars. Miss Brand, wise to the de-

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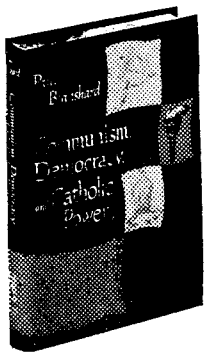
from the editorial rooms of the BEACON PRESS, Boston

Announcing the publication of the new Blanshard book



COMMUNISM, DEMOCRACY, AND CATHOLIC POWER

By Paul Blanshard. Boston: Beacon Press

At all booksellers. 340 pages. $3.50

The pre-publication reviews:

1. PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY BUYERS' FORECAST:

"A further development of the thesis of the author's *American Freedom and Catholic Power* which was published two years ago, has sold [more than 160,000] copies and is still selling at the rate of 1,000 a week. Dealers can sell this new book as they have done the first; it will be resented by Catholics and flayed by communists. In the main, it deals with international problems rather than the purely domestic ones of the first book. Its purpose is stated as 'to bring the three-way struggle of Communism, Catholicism and democracy into clearer focus.'

"Interesting and ably presented, it will attract wide attention and discussion, but, like the previous book, it will be presented to the public without sensational exploitation or advertising. The first printing will be 25,000 copies. Booksellers have already ordered more than 150,000 stuffers."

2. VIRGINIA KIRKUS' BOOKSHOP SERVICE:

"The author of *American Freedom and Catholic Power* faces an even more difficult task in this study of the three-way struggle between the Vatican, the Kremlin and democracy.

"In seeking basic parallels he has confined his thesis to the institutions of Communism and Catholicism, their political significance as world powers, 'their individual significance as state powers,' their policies, programs and totalitarian aspirations. He has included matters of Faith only so far as both have used their philosophies to further their aims.

"The first third presents the historical background, first of one, then the other, important as groundwork for the detailed dissection which follows. Inevitably he sometimes takes refuge in broad generalities.

"He then studies those phases of Communism and Catholicism which afford parallels of techniques and devices rather than substance:—the ticklish subject of education, the concept of the dedicated personality, the discipline and devotion reflected in institutionalism, the devices of distortion, deception, exploitation (it is here he will arouse passionate denunciation).

"The next part explores the strategies of penetration by which each institution conquers without majorities. With Catholicism in Europe leading the crusade against Communism, this section is peculiarly challenging, controversial on all grounds, political, social, religious.

"Finally he draws his balance sheet, urging adoption of a policy that must oppose the authoritarian spirit wherever found, if democracy is to survive. To be anti-Communistic, he feels, is a moral and intellectual necessity for free men. A different set of values is involved in a temperate anti-Vatican policy but the danger he urges can be faced only by breaking the taboo against frank discussion of the Vatican as a threat to responsible citizenship.

"Though better organized, better written than the earlier book, it inevitably faces the same challenge as a contribution to awareness of democracy's battles on many fronts."

3. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, *President Emeritus of Union Theological Seminary and former Moderator of the Presbyterian Church:*

"I am most grateful for Paul Blanshard's new book. It seems to me even more important than his earlier work. That showed the activities of the Hierarchy in American life. This looks out on the world scene and studies Communism and Catholicism in all nations.

"Both are totalitarian, and both have no room for freedom and democracy. Many who currently are willing to accept the Vatican as an ally against Communism, and even to welcome it, must see the peril involved in taking an ally who will, if the chance offers, destroy the freedom for which we are struggling.

"The book is splendidly accurate and honest . . . Mr. Blanshard is rendering the entire free world an inestimable service."

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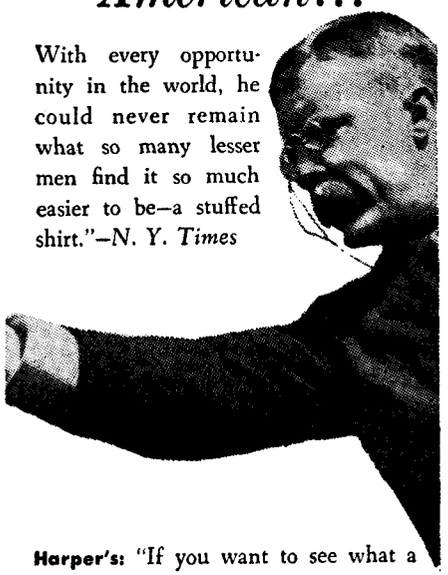

With every opportunity in the world, he could never remain what so many lesser men find it so much easier to be—a stuffed shirt."—*N. Y. Times*

Harper's: "If you want to see what a wild young American of an older generation was up to in his boisterously ambitious younger days look into the two massive volumes . . . edited by Elting E. Morison to make one of those monumental contributions to the scholarship of history and biography that are also a pleasure to read."

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mands for top billing by film luminaries, began her list at the bottom. Thus each new customer was able to inscribe his or her name above all the others.

• • In Fort Wayne a young friend of bookseller Allan McMahon distinguished himself his first day in school. The teacher asked the class to think of fractions, in school or at home, and gave as examples "half a sandwich," "a quarter of a pie," and "a tenth part of a dollar." The boy produced, "My father came home last night with a fifth."

• • In Haskell, Vermont, a TRADE WINDS correspondent discovered what may be the only library in the world located on an international boundary line. The reading room is in Vermont, and the bookshelves are in Canada. Farther west, in the University of Toronto a catalogue came to light with the intriguing information that one class would devote time to a study of "Anatomy and Cleopatra." And on the way home, in an old New Hampshire tavern, our correspondent found an inscription over a fireplace that I think you'll be able to figure out for yourselves:

If the B MT put:
If the B. putting:
Don't put: over a—er.
You'd be an * it.

• • In Malcolm Cowley's collection of letters one prized most highly came from William Faulkner, just after publication of the Portable Faulkner. "By God," wrote the Nobel Prize winner, "I didn't know myself what I had tried to do and how much I had succeeded."

Incidentally, it was at the University of Mississippi, a few miles from Bill Faulkner's home at Oxford, that one of the most popular yarns of the year had its origin. It seems that a professor dropped a bottle of Bill's precious bourbon (Jack Daniels Tennessee Number Seven) on the floor. While he was in search of a rag to mop up three mice stole out of their corners and lapped up all the liquor in sight. In short order they were intoxicated mice, indeed, bristling with new-found assurance and daring. The first one pounded his chest and announced, "I'm off for Red China to put that fellow Mao Tse-tung in his place." The second sneered, "None of that bush-league stuff for me. I'm going straight to Joe Stalin and tell him what I think of his tactics." The third mouse had different notions entirely. "I'll leave all those world affairs to you, my lads," he proclaimed. "Me, I'm going upstairs and make love to the cat."

—BENNETT CERF.

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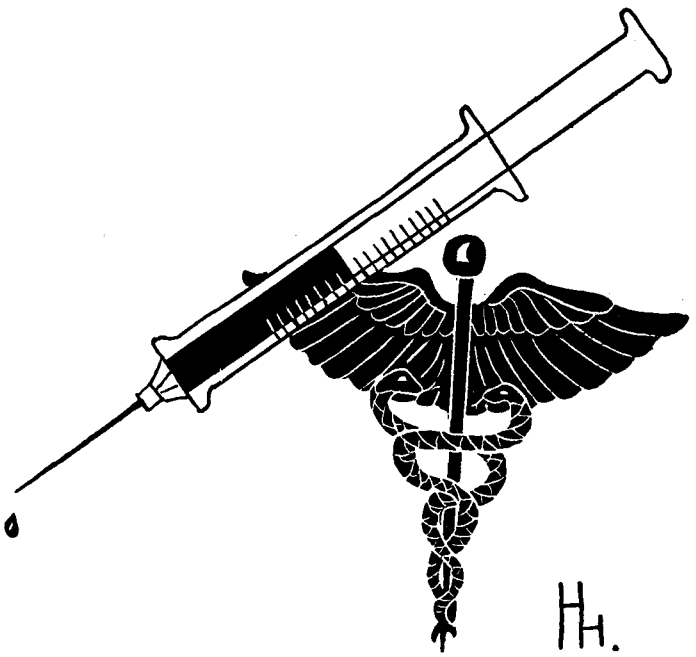
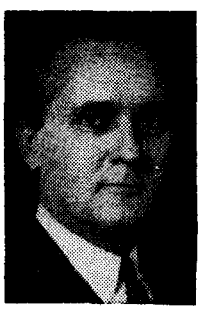
The Saturday Review of Literature

When Medicine Makes the Headlines



RUSSELL S. BOLES, M.D



Russell S. Boles

HEALTH and sex in America make news. Newspapers, magazines, radio, and television have a receptive audience for anything concerning quick cures and hormones. Unfortunately, these media haven't always served the interests of the public in general or medicine in particular.

Consider, for example, the dubious ends served by the press in the case of such "miracle drugs" as penicillin and streptomycin, to mention only two of the original antibiotics which are now known to be valuable in certain diseases but useless and even harmful in others. According to U. S. Department of Commerce figures the domestic production of penicillin increased from 21.192 billions of units in 1943 to 133,229.493 billion in 1949. The domestic production of streptomycin increased from 1,174,582 Gm. in 1946 to 83,699,137 Gm. in 1949. The phenomenal increase in the consumption of these drugs is out of all proportion to the known indications for their use. It can be attributed only to the fact that the public has had its curiosity and hopes so unduly aroused that it expects them to be prescribed for conditions in which they can serve no useful purpose.

Penicillin has become almost routine in the prevention and treatment of all manner of illness. Yet its use in the prevention of infections for which it is not specifically indicated is to be vigorously condemned. It can cause unpleasant and at times severe reactions, especially in the form of skin rashes and hives, but of much more concern is the fact that its casual employment is apt to sensitize the patient so that subsequent administration in case of necessity becomes futile or actually dangerous. Aureomycin, another popular antibiotic, may cause a severe rash and fungus infection in the mouth. By destroying certain bacteria in the intestinal tract it is thought to cause a deficiency of vitamins. Irritation of the digestive tract by aureomycin can be very distressing; at times serious effects on the blood have been observed. One further consideration merits mention. While the symptoms of many infectious diseases may be controlled by antibiotic drugs, it appears that the diseases themselves are not necessarily abolished but live to rear their heads again. We may be sure that all is not known about these substances.

Again, the widely heralded sulfa drugs, apparently so helpful at first, eventually proved harmful in many instances. As a result their use has been greatly curtailed. In view of these experiences it is easy to understand why the cautious, conservative physician will not use any new remedies, notwithstanding extravagant newspaper publicity, until he is acquainted with their dangers as well as their benefits. Sensational premature publicity puts very great pressure on him. An expectancy on the part of patients that he should treat them with new drugs about which they have read in the papers places him in an embarrassing position. Too often he is urged to act against his better judgment. Fortunately, this the majority of physicians will decline to do. They realize that the indiscriminate use of antibiotics and other "miracle drugs" serves not only to jeopardize a patient's health but adds immeasurably to the already shocking expense that illness entails, especially when hospitalization is required.

CONSIDER the anti-histamine drugs —less serious in physical effect but more costly in dollars and cents. Three years ago anti-histamine drugs were introduced to an unsuspecting but eager public. Numerous articles in mass-circulation magazines and newspapers gave readers to understand that these drugs were effective in preventing and curing the "common cold." Such enthusiastic reporting, we now know, was quite at variance with the facts of the case. Nevertheless, the anti-histamine ballyhoo in the press helped to create a major industry. Extravagant publicity and sensational advertising, largely based on inadequate control studies, induced the American people to spend an estimated $100,000,000 in 1950 for over-the-counter sales of anti-histamine drugs.

There was some substance, of course, to the anti-histamine propagandizing that went on and still continues in the American press. Certain individuals exhibit symptoms similar to a "cold," symptoms that are results of an allergy (hay fever, for instance) that anti-histamines may relieve. The "common cold" itself is frequently self-limited; it may disappear within a day or two despite the use of anti-histamines and regardless of any remedy the patient may take. When such a thing happens fortuitously the anti-histamine gets credit for something with which it had nothing to do.

Were these drugs merely ineffective our only concern would be with the

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millions of dollars spent for nought. But there is more to it than that. The well-informed physician knows that anti-histamine drugs when taken indiscriminately—which is apt to be the case when they are self-administered—will produce drowsiness, depression, dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, nausea, and vomiting. These unfavorable side effects do not occur in all individuals nor from all the anti-histamine drugs. In certain individuals severe anemia, serious diseases of the blood such as agranulocytosis, and even death may result from an idiosyncrasy or overdosage of these drugs. Fortunately, consequences of this sort are rare. That they do occur causes the alert physician to prescribe the anti-histamines with caution, even in those allergic conditions where he recognizes their great usefulness. The fact that they may cause convulsions, especially in children, is a danger that should be faced by all parents who use the drugs without medical supervision.

Despite this mound of evidence, the press continues to confuse the patient. Recently *The Reader's Digest* claimed a victory for the anti-histamines because the Federal Trade Commission agreed to allow several manufacturers to advertise that the preparations "relieve or check and, in many cases, stop the symptoms or manifestations of the common cold, such as sneezing, nasal congestion, simple throat coughs, watering eyes, or mucous discharge from the nose." Paul de Kruif, the author of this article, then asks, "When you stop the symptoms of a common cold, what have you got left? Nothing." It may be answered that when the physician stops certain symptoms of the "common cold"—sneezing, nasal congestion, and discharge—which he may temporarily do with ephedrine, atropine, belladonna, or the anti-histamines, he has not cured the "cold"—it still remains and is potentially dangerous. To draw an analogy, one may temporarily stop the headache from a brain tumor with certain drugs—but the tumor still remains!

Physicians in general have settled this matter in their own minds. They are content to accept the results of the kind of scientific studies that have appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and *The New England Journal of Medicine*. The former concludes an editorial by saying, "In spite of the many claims that have been made for the usefulness of anti-histamines for colds there is not yet any preponderance of evidence that these drugs can provide more than symptomatic relief." *The New England Journal of Medicine* unequivocally concludes, "The anti-histamines have no value in the common cold." The Committee on Public Health Relations of the New York Academy of Medicine has recently declared that "the anti-histaminic preparations are of no value in the treatment of true colds and the public should be warned of the hazards attending their use." In the light of such knowledge it is difficult to think of anything more misleading than magazine articles, news reports, and advertisements that claim anti-histamines will prevent and cure "colds." But they continue unabated. For the public dotes on stories about health and medicine—no matter how accurate or inaccurate they may be.

THE public has again been badly informed about "the wonders" of ACTH and cortisone. The use of these drugs in the treatment of arthritis and related diseases is fraught with great danger. While they frequently provide immediate and dramatic relief, it is too often short-lived. They have, moreover, been observed to provoke serious chemical changes in the body, an unnatural distribution of fat, mental and nervous aberrations, prostration, and sexual disturbances. Already it is becoming apparent that they possess death-dealing qualities. The conscientious physician, inexperienced in their use, will be slow to employ them despite their publicity. He knows that they will reverse the symptoms of the disease, thereby loosening up muscles and relieving pain, but that they will not reverse the disease itself, which is an irreversible process. He knows also that they may damage vital organs—in some cases permanently. At the moment it appears that the use of these drugs should be reserved to tide patients over emergencies that may arise during the course of certain illnesses or through periods of shock resulting from surgical procedures, injuries, or burns.

But the conscientious physician, cognizant of all this, must battle against the unwarranted publicity that the press has accorded ACTH and cortisone. Such publicity creates public demand for the drugs, which in the light of our present knowledge is apt to exceed all legitimate requirements. It promotes black markets and the abuse of the drugs in undiscriminating hands. The result—large numbers of victims with pain-wracked bodies heedlessly exploited, their hopes cruelly and futilely aroused, their lives endangered.

Let no one underestimate the life-saving effects of the drugs I have mentioned. On the whole they have proven to be epochal advances in the field of medicine. But it should be remembered that the physician of today finds it exceedingly difficult to keep abreast of the rapidly moving procession in medicine. Until he has had time to evaluate new remedies—and the same may be said for surgical operations—it would be better for his patients to await the results of final rather than preliminary observations before they request the various new treatments that are said to cure peptic ulcer, high blood pressure, tubercu-

(*Continued on page* 37)

Spring Birth

By Mark Van Doren

THE LORD of increase, traveling with me,
Said: "Look! There are more than you will see,
Yet look!" And laughed, and pointed at the small
Pigs bouncing as they ran, and at the tall
Bewildered foals, their four legs wildly braced
Lest the ground heave again; while kittens chased
White butterflies, and calves, all ears and head,
Butted and sucked as their great mothers fed.
The lord of increase grinned. "A few of mine,
With foster-help. But listen!" And the whine
Of mayflies filled my ears, and far away,
In wilderness, eggs opened unto day,
And little serpents—were they noiseless?—slid
Through the warm sand. Bare birds above them hid,
Faint-peeping, and a hornet lifted wing
For the first time in nature—not to sting,
But trying the blue air. "All these, and more.
Now close your eyelids." And the forest floor
Padded with feet of foxes, old and young,
As ugly owlets blinked, and beetles clung
To ridges of last winter's bark. "More yet?"
But I believed him, lord of all beget.

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Fiction. *At 67, at least twenty years later than the end of the creative period of most American authors, Lion Feuchtwanger has written another truly great novel. "This Is the Hour," an account of the passionate love affair between a peasant and an aristocrat—the Spanish painter Goya and the young Duchess of Alba—proves again that Feuchtwanger is the leading creator of that popular form of entertainment, the historical novel. . . . The long-delayed translation of the French novel "Renée" by H.-R. Lenormand reveals a rare talent and a somewhat disagreeable story, in which a talented French prostitute gives herself to the German conquerors and then to a painter, who lives on her gains. . . . Russell Thacher's war book "The Captain" lacks the exoticism of these others and tells a straightforward story of the downfall of a United States Navy captain at the hands of his crew and of his Annapolis-trained officers.*

A Painter & His Duchess

THIS IS THE HOUR. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter and Frances Fawcett. New York: The Viking Press. 516 *pp.* $3.95.

By HERSCHEL BRICKELL

LION FEUCHTWANGER, a German Jew by birth who has graced this country with his exiled presence since 1933, has been writing historical novels since 1919 and has to his credit such works of the first order as "The Ugly Duchess" (1923), "Jew Süss" (1927), and "Josephus" (1932). He has ranged the world over in time and space for his subjects, and it would not be extravagant to call him the greatest living master of the historical romance.

Certainly nobody writing in this country of his adoption may even be compared with him for the wide range of his scholarship or for his ability to recreate a past period, doing no violence to essential historical fact and still meeting the primary requirement of all fiction: that it be consistently readable and entertaining. The soundness of his work makes many of the current highly-colored historical novels, "breast sellers," as they have been called, look cheap and tawdry by comparison; he has never descended to the unblushing use of sex to gain and hold faithful followers.

With a story such as he has now chosen to tell, the passionate love affair between a great painter and satirist of the past in his sick middle years and a beautiful young woman of the nobility, the Duchess of Alba, he could not have missed. Material of infinite riches was ready to his craftsman's hands; that he has made full use of it will surprise no one who has read his other novels. He has not missed, and it is perfectly safe to predict that readers who like their history, while not falsified in its details, served up with the sauce of creative imagination and sufficiently spiced with the capsicum of sex, although in no sense violating the canons of good taste in this respect, will find both pleasure and satisfaction in his latest book, "This Is the Hour."

An excellent summary of the period in Spain in which Goya lived and wrought is to be found in a little book called simply "Goya," written by Richard Muther, an art critic, and published in England in 1905:

> Upon the throne there sits a King who seems a Hercules in physical strength; who brawls with peasants, and boxes his own Ministers' ears. And this apparent giant, this being with the gait and voice of a bear, is on the intellectual side a weak, characterless puppet in the hands of his wife. Maria Luisa of Parma, a modern Messalina, holds the real keys of power and plays before the very eyes of her people a drama more loathsome, more cynical in its lewdness, than any heaven-appointed monarch has elsewhere ever achieved. While the King is wasting his time at the cards or shooting rabbits the Queen is gadding about with young officers. At last one of her lovers, Manuel Godoy, a lieutenant in the Flemish Guard, is appointed Prime Minister of Spain, and—incredible though it seems, it is guaranteed by history—this paramour of the Queen, the illustrious ancestor of the princely family de la Paz, is at the same time a minion of the King.

This, then, is the background of Dr. Feuchtwanger's drama of passion between a peasant and an aristocrat. It

THE AUTHOR: Lion Feuchtwanger likes the advice once given by Mark Twain to Kipling: "Young man, first get your facts, then distort them as you please." Readers frequently ask him if this or that detail of his historical novels is "correct," and, unperturbed, he will pleasantly concede "incorrectness," justifying himself further by the company he keeps thereby—the classic "liars," including Homer and Shakespeare, who both took what poetic liberties they chose with documented fact. Aristotle can be called in for a final word: "The artistic representation of history is a more serious pursuit than the exact writing of history. For the art of letters goes to the heart of things . . ." That heart is what Feuchtwanger has been after, and thousands of readers of his seven previous novels will testify that he has done what he says the writer wishes to do—"take over from the past . . . the fire, not the ashes." Born in Munich in 1884, he has had narrow escapes from the consequences of other men's attempts to change history—with the sword. (Since he now lives peacefully and well with his wife in a beautiful home on the Pacific in California it is suggested that re-creating history with a pen is more fortunate than Hitler's way.) His early and later academic education was in the strict, pedantic tradition. He says he was instructed in 211 disciplines, including Hebrew, applied psychology, Sanskrit, compound interest, Gothic. He enjoys conversational wielding of impish statistics; his self-description: "L. F. was in prime of life 65 inches tall, weighed 134 pounds, had 27 of his own teeth, thick hair, wore glasses. He was a good swimmer, poor dancer . . . committed 23,257 venial sins, performed 10,069 good works, and two really good deeds." Of the Goya book: "I wanted to show how many profound personal and sociological experiences and awareness of them must coincide before great art can be created. I wanted to confront the Goya legend of the 19th century with a new one more meaningful to us—I tried to write the Goya legend of the 20th or maybe even the 21st century." —K. S.

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would have weakened the plot if the novelist had allowed even one of the legitimate historical doubts as to the identity of the provocative woman in Goya's famous pair of paintings, "La Maja Vestida" and "La Maja Desnuda," to creep into his narrative. Of course, he does nothing of the sort, and the paintings, anciently in the Academy of San Fernando in Madrid, but for years in the Prado, become an important detail of the love affair that is the core of this novel. The liaison ended only with the death of the Duchess, lasting seven stormy years. She was thirty-three when the painter became her lover, and Goya was fifty, already a man of many amours, although happily enough married to Josefa Bayeu, sister of the current court painter, who was succeeded in office by Goya and who was a classicist of the most severe sort.

The Duchess died at forty, but Goya was to live to be eighty-five, working to the last at Bordeaux, in spite of such severe physical handicaps as total deafness and half-blindness. Following the philosophy of a phrase he once attached to a drawing of a centenarian, *aun aprendo* (still learning), he took up the painting of miniatures at the very end of his life and in 1825 produced forty beautiful examples painted on ivory. But his very last painting was "La Lechera" ("The Milkmaid"), in which he paid his final tribute to feminine beauty and charm, a fitting end to the career and the life of a man who never failed to appreciate women or to be appreciated by them.

Mr. Feuchtwanger's novel covers no more than the brief period of the *grande passion*, which was really only a moment in one of the longest working careers ever enjoyed by any artist, approximately seventy years. Aside from his striking talent both as a draftsman and colorist, Goya left behind him in his innumerable portraits, tapestry designs, etchings with aquatint, and the marvelous red-chalk drawings, that are one of the Prado's chiefest treasures, the most complete record of a period—in this case the rococo at its height—ever handed on to posterity by a master of the pictorial.

Written in German, the novel was translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter and Frances Fawcett. The translation reads well enough, except that it does not exhibit any evidence of familiarity with Spanish usages and should have been much more carefully edited. Without in the least seeming to carp, after thoroughly enjoying an admirable novel, this reviewer was annoyed by such matters as toreador for bullfighter. Toreadors were once mounted bullfighters, but they exist no longer except in the pseudo-Spanish "Carmen." Conchita Cintron, the greatest living bullfighter *a caballo*, is a *torera*, and would no more like to be called a toreador or *toreadora* than would have Goya himself, who was a master of the art of tauromachy and killed many bulls in his young days.

"Unnatural instincts" is recalled as another grating error, and when the Duchess of Alba, most anachronistically says to Goya in French, "We are not amused," she is obviously quoting Queen Victoria, not yet born. This, like "unnatural instincts," is obviously the fault of the author, not the translators, but someone should have saved him from these mistakes—or what are editors for? One sometimes wonders in the light of the repeated evidence of carelessness in the preparation of manuscripts for the printer.

It is worth adding that for those who wish to take their Goya straight —he was the most Spanish of all the so-called Spanish painters by blood and genius, Velasquez being half Portuguese, El Greco all Cretan—there is a magnificent biography from the master hand of Antonina Vallentin, perhaps the best of the living pen-portraitists. It is called "This I Saw: The Life and Times of Goya" and was published in 1949. Admirably translated from the French by Katherine Woods, it is marred only by many mistakes in Spanish words and phrases. (What *are* editors for?)

Mr. Feuchtwanger's title is a translation of Number Eighty of the superb "Caprichos," of which there are eighty-two in all, the last two being without captions. In this world-famous series of etchings with aquatint Goya immortalized his age with a unique combination of great beauty and savagely diabolical satire. The caption of Number Eighty, which Mr. Feuchtwanger mistakenly refers to as the last of the collection, is "*Ya es hora*," which could be translated as "The Hour has already struck." "*Ya*" has more force than "now," as in the everyday phrase "*Ya lo creo*" — "already I believe it."

But "This Is the Hour" is a suitable enough translation and a good title for a most impressive novel, a book which is unmistakable and heartening proof that Dr. Feuchtwanger's sixty-seven years and his uprooting from the soil of his native Berlin have brought no waning of his exceptional powers in the field of the historical novel.

Love Against War

RENÉE. By H.-R. Lenormand. Translated by Frances Frenaye. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young, Creative Age Books. 240 *pp.* $3.

By Ben Ray Redman

THE CHARACTER of the prostitute whose body is everyman's but whose soul remains her own is a familiar one in modern fiction. Her health has been drunk in German beer, French wine, American whisky, and several other national beverages. She has been the object and subject of much sentimentality, candid or disguised.

When the late H.-R. Lenormand turned his back on the stage to write his single novel it was on this character that he fixed his gaze, and he went about as far as it is possible for an author to go in degrading his heroine and then asking his readers to understand and even admire her. Indeed, he doubled his stakes by attempting almost the same feat with Renée's lover as with herself and then asking us to view their relationship as a thing of extreme, if rather unusual, beauty. For a while, as we read, we think that the novelist is intent on maintaining a severe, even cynical, objectivity; but suddenly with surprise we bite into the sentimental heart of the book. Sentimentality is not only present. It is, I am afraid, fatal.

This does not mean that "Renée"—which in the original French was more significantly titled "Une Fille est Une Fille"—is not an interesting, even fascinating book. It is both. Lenormand was a skilful, practised writer. He knew how to create characters, how to build scenes, how to sustain interest and communicate excitement. He was a master of dialogue. He had the gift of brilliant brevity.

As we follow Renée's course through wartime France during 1942-43, from Rouen to Saint-Tropez by way of Paris, Biarritz, and Marseilles, we are never bored, we are always eager to learn what will happen next, we are thoroughly entangled in the author's web of incident and character. We learn a little more of what we have learned from many other books: what it was like to live in France under the victorious Nazis during the days of both partial and total occupation. We are reminded that the Frenchmen of those days were not all heroes nor the Germans all villains. We believe in the reality of Renée and her callous exploitation of the master race by means of her own physical acquiescence; although we may wonder why, with all her

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charms and intelligence, she did not choose to practise her profession on a higher level than she did. We believe in Pierre and his painting and even in his ability to endure the ultimate degradation of consenting to live on the money that his beloved mistress brings home daily from her German clients. These two are credible human beings—up to a point.

It is when, with their creator's obvious approval, they begin to hymn the glory of their love and its essential purity that the sentimentality becomes ridiculous and insufferable, that the expressed values give off the sound of false coins. Renée speaks eloquently of the love that "solders" them together, the love that so fills their world that there is no room in it for "patriotism" or "liberty." And Pierre replies: "They're fragile, the things of which our love is made, and they're in great danger. Who could possibly understand what we mean to one another? Can't you just hear how honorable people might insult us? And yet I refuse to admit that we're so very weak or bad and above all I deny that we have been defeated! . . . My dear, we're refused everything that isn't love. We can't even hate our enemies. I feel no hate for the Germans to whom you've sold yourself. . . . I have a notion that we've escaped contamination from an epidemic of hate. But it's dangerous, when millions of people are afflicted with the same plague, to be immune to it. Because they can't forgive us they must treat us as if we were the infected. Yet this impractical and accursed love that makes people look on us as worthless or cowards may in the last analysis be the purest of all, the only one worth having. Don't let us be ashamed of being what we are! If the whole earth doesn't go to pieces, if one city still stands and in it one man and one woman are spared in order to propagate the race, then it's this sort of love that will have saved them."

Heine once described love as a star on a dunghill; but the theory behind the description can, perhaps, be pushed too far.

Frances Frenaye's translation is excellent.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 894)

A. KOESTLER:
THE AGE OF LONGING

"Young man, how can you talk about our looking after Europe when we haven't yet learned to look after ourselves?" . . . "Insufficient experience in running one's own affairs is no obstacle to efficiently running the affairs of others."

Not Playing the Navy Way

THE CAPTAIN. By Russell Thacher. New York: The Macmillan Co. 280 pp. $3.50.

By LOUIS O. COXE

THIS is a war novel. The subject, a crucial period in the career of the commanding officer of an LST, has both innate and achieved power, for Russell Thacher knows his subject and has had the tact to compress and organize. Brief as the book is, it gains more than it loses by such brevity, for the unfolding of the Captain's destiny, a destiny betrayed by difficulties official, personal, and operational, gathers momentum and communicates a sense of inevitability that verbosity could easily have dissipated. Concentration on the Captain's struggle to keep his ship effective during an invasion, continually thwarted as he is by the dangers and strain of the operation by the cold, Annapolis-trained rigidity of the group commander, by the perversities of his own shipmates, and by his fever-ridden body and sensibilities, keeps the novel on a true course despite what must have proved for the author a powerful temptation to deviate. Mr. Thacher takes us through no dreary sexualities, forces on us no horrors, for his concern is with a hero who, discredited and relieved of his command, has done his duty fully and well, though none in high place shall ever know it.

Thematically "The Captain" reveals the problem of man's partial knowledge, his tendency to misunderstand whenever possible, to work at cross purposes with his fellows and with reality. Few people in the novel do evil from sheer viciousness, yet the effect of their action or inaction is suffering, death, disgrace. And if the Captain must accept a disgrace he has not merited, he can at least "be secret and exult, / For of all things known / That is most difficult." Though he is relieved of his command for "demonstrably poor judgment" as well as "flagrant disregard of specific orders," the irony works two ways, since he feels that had his judgment been even "poorer," his disobedience even more "flagrant" he might have saved the lives of the men killed, in spite of what seemed an almost concerted effort by them and the authorities to bring about their deaths. The operation completed, the Captain is summarily transferred to Yellow Beach One, where the worst fighting continues, there presumably to learn the lesson of not playing it the Navy Way—death, very likely, though again Mr. Thacher conquers the temptation

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Russell Thacher—"on a true course."

to pull out all the stops and to kill his hero for us, most piteously.

If the novel does display the tact, organization, and economy I have suggested, it none the less suffers from a defect of attitude or sensibility. Self-pity intrudes, and we feel that the author has identified himself with his hero to an extent that embarrasses and that blurs the characterization. And, although Mr. Thacher has not committed many of the besetting sins of naturalistic novelists, he has not brought us fully into his Captain's world; neither circumstantially nor symbolically can we get the feel of that world's texture, and, although the writing improves as the book's pace accelerates, there are some ineptitudes and sheer errors that indicate an insensitivity to style, language, refinements of the craft. For example, ". . . a frank manipulator of those more impressionable to gain his own ends"; "our variated points of view"; "Leach frowned at him from the corner of his eye"; "the fact . . . would rankle him"; "Disinterested in his men." There are a good many others. Certain crucial scenes fail of full rendering because the author does not have the language, cannot fully reveal character, particularly in the case of Gilchrist, who is obviously meant to be important.

This novel uses the naturalistic tradition while it does not overwhelm us with detail; yet a high technique is lacking. Mr. Thacher has done a workmanlike job of reporting—at times of dramatizing action—but he has not

(*Continued on page 29*)

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U. S. A. *It is easy to overestimate the crafty wisdom of a totalitarian regime. For years we tended to put too high a value on the diabolic efficiency of Hitler's Germany and Tojo's Japan—until the cracks began widening and the stupidities became manifest. World Communism, too, is prey to bad blunders. In this country, for instance, the Communist Party has failed utterly to win the allegiance of any but a minor fraction of our Negro population. How uncomprehending the Communists have been in their relations with Negroes is described in Wilson Record's "The Negro and the Communist Party" (reviewed on page 14). Unfortunately, others besides Communists can blunder. When the Pasadena school board forced Willard Goslin to resign his post as superintendent of its schools it showed little courage or even good sense. The disturbing history of this ouster is told in "This Happened in Pasadena," which is reviewed below.*

A Lynching for Education

THIS HAPPENED IN PASADENA. By David Hulburd. New York: The Macmillan Co. 166 *pp.* $2.50.

By Norman Cousins

THIS BOOK is a case study in civic irresponsibility. It is about Pasadena but it could be about any city. It tells the story of Willard Goslin's two years as superintendent of schools and the events leading to his resignation; but the importance of the story is national. For the profound uneasiness that has gripped America in the past few years has affected not only the political climate but virtually every phase of government and community activity. Mr. Hulburd writes about the damage to public education in Pasadena that is perhaps a direct outgrowth of such uneasiness.

Willard Goslin came to Pasadena in the summer of 1948. At the time he was president of the American Association of School Administrators, a post that reflected his high standing among this nation's educators. He knew public education and all its problems, combining the best in educational theory with high competence in administration. His was the integrated approach, combining child, school, and community in an effective team.

During most of his first year in Pasadena Willard Goslin made considerable progress in laying down the lines of a long-range program designed to give that city a sound and imaginative school system. But good public education means not only good ideas but good teachers and good facilities—and all this means more taxes. At this point Goslin ran into organized resistance. Capitalizing on this friction were the self-proclaimed 100 per cent Americans and professional haters and sneerers who spread doubts about Willard Goslin's loyalty—largely on the basis of his respect for such "subversive" national figures as John Dewey, W. Heard Kilpatrick, and Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The pressure mounted, and a weak school board requested the superintendent's resignation. Widespread citizen support rallied behind Goslin, but the board had committed itself to action from which it was not big enough to retreat. Willard Goslin left Pasadena, and the public school system continued under the jurisdiction of a board which as a whole had demonstrated little conscience and courage and little awareness of its responsibility as custodian of a major branch of democratic government.

The reader's first reaction upon finishing this book may be to thank God that he and his children do not live in Pasadena. But further reflection should convince him that it could happen in his own town; the pressures that came to the surface in Pasadena are everywhere. The important thing is to meet these pressures head-on. At stake are the health and safety of public education in America. Mr. Hulburd and the publishers deserve the thanks of the community-at-large for making this book possible.

* * *

An action program for citizens and educators in combating the mushrooming threats to education is contained in a new Freedom Pamphlet called "American Education Under Fire" (25 cents) by Ernest O. Melby, dean of the School of Education of New York University and chief consultant to the Connecticut Fact-Finding Commission on Education. Dean Melby analyzes the present attacks on education and provides crisp and clear courses of action for responsible citizens to follow. He finds that these attacks are generally centered around the following three charges: 1. The schools do not teach the Three R's properly. 2. The schools cost too much. 3. There are "too many frills and fads."

At a time when the central challenge is how to get the schools to raise their sights in order to meet changing condi-

Willard Goslin—"a sound and imaginative school system."

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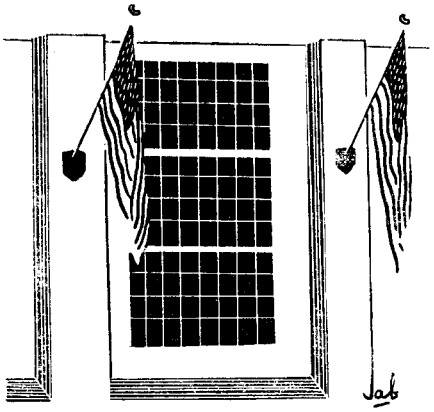

tions of the fastest-changing age in recorded history there are those who believe the schools must beat a fast retreat. With little knowledge of educational theory and with apparently less knowledge of educational practices and problems, they have seized upon a few catchwords, such as "Back to the Three R's," as clubs to beat to death anything that smacks in the slightest of advanced or progressive educational ideas. Along with this they exploit the fears produced by world tensions to turn suspicion on any educator whose ideas of Americanism do not coincide 100 per cent with an extreme rightist bias:

"The criticism that the public schools are not trying to give pupils an understanding of and devotion to our free society is again a tragic misunderstanding of the actual situation. American teachers and educators generally have a great faith in free institutions. They believe that if children are helped to understand the real nature of our free society and its promise for all they will not be misled by the bogus promises of Communist or Fascist proposals."

Dean Melby calls for a mobilization of the total resources of school and community behind the need for protecting and developing education in America. He finds encouragement in such achievements as recently took place in Connecticut and in the activities of the National Education Association, the American Education Fellowship, and the American Association of University Professors.

"Education will have the new dynamic it needs," he writes, "when democracy becomes resurgent, when it recaptures its original moral and spiritual fervor, when at home and abroad it practises what it preaches, when it makes of every community a vital, functional, educational enterprise. Then also democracy will win the battle of ideas."

"American Education Under Fire" is an eloquent and effective statement of the crisis in education today and serves as an excellent companion-piece to "This Happened in Pasadena."

A Dynamic Economy for Individuals

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR AMERICAN BUSINESS. By Sumner H. Slichter. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 216 pp. $2.75.

By Ray Hickok

NOT TOO long ago professors—and most particularly Harvard professors—earned scorn from the major section of the business fraternity similar to that usually reserved and generally deserved by "parlor pinks" or Sunday quarterbacks. But Sumner H. Slichter, Lamont professor of Harvard, will not and should not be scorned in any such manner. His new book, "What's Ahead for American Business," for the most part will and should be considered by businessmen, students, and the public as a sort of quick-running newsreel of the great American game, shown by an able coach to benefit the players and also widely appreciated by less personally interested spectators.

Most of the book is made up of a revised series of lectures Professor Slichter delivered in July 1950 at the Ninth Business Conference of the Graduate School of Business, Stanford University. He has made "after Korea" additions. Nevertheless, as in a newsreel, there must necessarily be omissions, so in this volume the whole story is not told. From beginning to end, however, the book moves rapidly and freshly. That constitutes its chief charm and will, we hope, provide this particular professor with a sizable audience. His teaching is easy to take and is decidedly needed among our economic illiterates.

Slichter will not be scoffed at today by businessmen in the same manner as were Roosevelt's professors of yesterday. His Harvard colors remain a healthy crimson: not red, not pink. He is definitely for the businessmen and mourns the decline in their influence, declaring that "a dynamic and enterprising economy requires adventurous and imaginative businessmen." Nor is he hard on labor. He encourages unions by foreseeing further wage increases based on rises in living costs, and discourages the workers by declaring prices will continue to rise. As a curb on inflation Slichter suggests "a combination of strict indirect controls and of restraints on wages," which, he says, "would probably suffice to hold the real rise in prices to 5 per cent a year or less."

Even the men Slichter at times refers to as "timid politicians" can take heart reading his book. Commenting on the net public debt of the United States, nearly eight times as large in 1948 as in 1929, he says with admirable restraint: "The public debt can undoubtedly become too large, but the growth of the public debt up to the present time has added to the economic strength of the community."

He is sharply critical of Communism, Socialism, government ownership, and a planned economy. His assertion that "plenty of private enterprise is needed to keep a better distribution of power between government and industry" will be widely quoted and applauded. The "old rugged individualist" will rise from his grave at the Slichter trumpet call of "society is not becoming less individualistic—it is becoming more so."

The most pessimistic tax-pestered plutocrat will join with hopeful if harried business tycoons, the middle class, and the actual workers themselves in praise of his optimistic conclusions. Marxian Communism as practised by Stalin's gangsters is not the "dynamic force" that awed yesterday's liberals but rather a decidedly dying vine. Slichter comes out and tells this country there is no danger of our getting even a labor government. But he refuses to stick out his neck on any prediction of whether or not there will be a shooting war with Russia, admitting a "conflict" is now in progress.

I hope Slichter will be widely read, chiefly for his final quotable conclusions:

"The most valuable characteristic of the economy will continue to be the large scope that it offers for individuals to be themselves, to make their own decisions, to make their living as they see fit. . . .

"That, incidentally, is the essence of the case that the American economy offers against Communism. For what does Communism offer the individual? Simply the opportunity to be a cog in a vast machine, to do what he is told to do in the way that he is told to do it, to conform, to be an efficient part of the larger whole, to behave according to plan. . . .

"Disagreements over what is fair or right may produce for the time being at least a sort of moral chaos—but it will be a healthy kind of chaos. . . . By forcing the members of the community constantly to improve and extend its ethical codes, a dynamic economy gives dignity and significance to the lives of millions of men."

Ray Hickok is president of the Hickok Manufacturing Company and president of the Young Presidents' Organization, an association of corporation heads under thirty-five.

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The Great Barbecue

REUNION AND REACTION. By C. Vann Woodward. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 263 pp. $4.

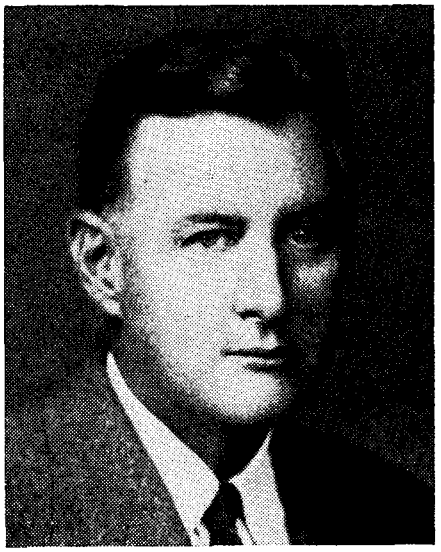
By E. M. COULTER

THE DISPUTED Presidential election of 1876-1877 is of perennial interest, and, although it has been investigated and much written about, there have always been left some unanswered questions as to what was back of the settlement. It has generally been accepted that Southern Congressmen were responsible for seating Rutherford Hayes and that the agreement for doing so was arrived at in the well-known Wormley Conference. But, after all, was there not back of this conference a long course of discussions, agreements, and compromises participated in by certain Southern Democrats and representatives of the Northern Republicans? And why was the South willing to see Hayes become the next President?

It is to answer these questions that C. Vann Woodward addresses himself in this book. And, although it is remarkable that historians have left these questions unanswered so long (for the evidence is fairly easy to arrive at), Woodward must be given credit for bringing together the story in a superb bit of historical craftsmanship. Using collections of letters of the main participants and other sources he has put together a convincing account, with a detective's skill and a keen sense of the meaning of small leads and an understanding of the larger aspects of history.

How solid was the Solid South at this time? Its weakest seams were apparently along the lines where the old Whigs and the Democrats were joined when they combined to fight for Southern independence and after the war to resist Radical Reconstruction. But this had been an uneasy alliance, for the Whigs had always been a conservative influence in the South. Northern and Southern conservatives might well get together here in seating Hayes, if first it were established that he would give the South what it wanted. Most naturally the South wanted to be restored to its old position in the Union, where unmolested by occupying troops it might go its way as of old. It was soon established that Hayes was friendly to Southern political aspirations, especially if a respectable Republican party could be organized there.

Southern Democrats felt that they had few debts due the Northern Democrats, and here was a weak seam in the Democratic Party. If the South could get what it wanted through a



—*Harris & Ewing.*

C. Vann Woodward—"a detective's skill."

Republican President it would have few pangs of conscience in deserting the Northern Democratic candidate. Not only had the Northern Democrats been of little aid to the South in its fight for independence, but after the war Northern Democrats had taken a hostile position against the South's efforts to participate in the "Great Barbecue" of national grants for railroads and internal improvements—these great handouts were now to be stopped just when the South had hoped to get its share.

In addition to being allowed to handle its own affairs politically the South wanted harbor improvements, the deepening of the mouth of the Mississippi, levee constructions, and subsidies for railroads. Heretofore the North and West had enjoyed exclusively the largess of the Federal Government. It was around the railroad aids (the Texas & Pacific in particular) that the negotiations centered, for it appeared that Hayes would take a liberal and friendly attitude toward all these matters. Naturally, the politicians had a finger in the pie, but those who smoothed the way were certain newspapermen of the Western Associated Press, with its membership throughout the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. Other powerful figures were Thomas A. Scott, president of the Pennsylvania and of the Texas & Pacific, Collis P. Huntington of the Central Pacific, and Henry Dodge, associated with both roads.

The web of discussion and agreement ramified extensively, but the definite outcome was the seating of Hayes and the withdrawal of troops from the South. The South got a few crumbs immediately from the Great Barbecue.

E. M. Coulter is professor of history at the University of Georgia.

Jim Crow & the Kremlin

THE NEGRO AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY. By Wilson Record. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 340 pp. $3.50.

By HENRY LEE MOON

IN A period of unrestrained anti-Communist hysteria, whipped up in part by the incendiary confessions of repentant ex-Reds and the bitter tirades of professional anti-Communists, it is reassuring to turn to a competent and dispassionate study of one of the most controversial and important phases of the Communist Party program.

From the earliest days of the Party's organization in this country the Negro has been assigned a special and important role in the domestic and world strategy of the movement. During these years the Communists have published an abundance of books, pamphlets, and articles presenting the official version of the Negro problem as of the moment. Non-Communist commentary has been largely limited to occasional newspaper and magazine articles and incidental references in books on Communism or the Negro. It remained for Wilson Record, a young Texas scholar, to give us the first definitive work on the program, policies, and activities of the Communists among Negro Americans.

With painstaking care Mr. Record traces the contorted Party line over a period of three decades. Throughout most of this period the Negro question remained a major item on the Party's agenda—subject, as were all other issues, to the dictates of the Kremlin. (Only during the war years, when the Communists were openly courting American capitalism, was this question relegated to secondary consideration.) Each shift in the Party line brought forth a new emphasis, tactic, or interpretation of the Negro problem. What was "correct" yesterday overnight became monstrous.

The task of bringing Negroes into the Party and influencing their attitudes and organizations was ranked among the most important responsibilities of the American wing of the international Communist movement. To this end the Party devoted considerable sums, such talent as it was able to muster, and boundless energy. These efforts are critically examined and appraised by Record, who estimates that the maximum Party membership among Negroes "never exceeded 8,000 at any one time"—less than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the total Negro population.

Why then has this crusade failed so dismally? Largely because of "the

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Party's umbilical attachment to the Kremlin," Record asserts. "But behind this," he adds, "also lies the Communists' inability to see the black citizen for what he is. In his embracement of the ideal of equality the Negro has shown that he is an American in the most fundamental sense, for the egalitarian aspiration stems from the deepest ideological streams of our culture."

The Communists, for all their talk of equality, have viewed the Negro as a separate, unassimilable segment of the American populace. This Jim-Crow mentality has conditioned their every approach to the Negro. It explains in part their acceptance of the fantastic, Kremlin-inspired concept of the Negro as a separate nation. It accounts for their insistence on special recognition of Negroes regardless of individual merit, as their efforts to create a position for a Negro vice president of the UAW-CIO and their demand for super-seniority privileges for Negroes in postwar industry. To advocate, as the Communists do, special consideration for Negroes is to misunderstand completely the nature of the Negro problem and to misrepresent the Negro's basic demand for unqualified recognition as an American.

The author does not attack the Communist Party as such; he simply reveals its tawdry record of incompetency, stupidity, and betrayal — a record which the Party itself has documented in gruesome detail. The Communists have labored in the Negro field long and diligently but unintelligently. Failing to attract Negroes of stature, the Party has created synthetic leaders—individuals of limited abilities and little standing in the Negro community. Even the occasional man of talent, as Record points out, is compelled to knuckle down and play "Uncle Tom" to the Kremlin.

This revealing volume is timely and important in that it deals scientifically with issues of worldwide significance—race and Communism. While failing miserably in its drive to gain converts among Negroes, the Party has effectively exploited American race prejudice in global propaganda to the detriment of our national prestige. In this, Mr. Record charges, they have been aided by American racists, who cherish their prejudices above the Constitution and who credit the Communists with sponsorship of every challenge to and protest against discrimination. But challenge and protest, Record shows clearly, predate the advent of the Party and now stem principally from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which for more than four decades has been the Negro's foremost advocate in the demand for equal

(*Continued on page* 36)

Belles-Lettres. *Yet another addition to the F. Scott Fitzgerald bibliography—an anthology of essays edited by Alfred Kazin—makes its appearance this week. The collection, says our reviewer, not only throws some further light on the current Fitzgerald boom but serves also to illuminate the present condition of literary criticism. The British writer Katherine Mansfield is another master of the short-story form whose posthumous reputation has ascended remarkably. In a new study of this author (reviewed on page 16) Sylvia Berkman traces the emotional complexities of Katherine Mansfield's short life and relates these to her writing. . . . The late London critic James Agate has been described by admirers as the best diarist since Pepys. The two last instalments of his fascinating "Ego" series are now published in America, a direct result of Jacques Barzun's* Saturday Review *article "Agate and His Nine Egos"* [*Feb. 24*].

Critics & a Literary Legend

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: The Man and His Work. Edited by Alfred Kazin. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 221 pp. $3.

By Horace Gregory

THERE are several ways of looking at Alfred Kazin's compact and efficiently edited anthology of critical reviews and papers written on and round about F. Scott Fitzgerald. One way is to read it as an opportunity for future discussion of the remarkable legend which has grown up around Fitzgerald's name, a brilliant temptation to which I will not yield. Another is to see it as the kind of book which has a definite place in college libraries, a book which has its value to further studies of Fitzgerald's short stories and novels.

And a third way is to look at the quality of what is actually written in the book, to guess at what will be a pleasure to reread fifty years from now. I shall take this last, and perhaps tactless, way of reviewing it, for that may throw some light on the general condition of contemporary criticism.

In this book it is depressing to notice how often the critics repeat the same ideas, the same observations, the same conclusions, as though their minds, their phrases were cut by machine from the same alphabet. The exceptions are few and extremely enlightening. One may not see eye to eye with H. L. Mencken, but in this company his review of Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" shines like a naughty light in a gray world; it is well above the patronage of praise and blame. This is to say that his merits are his own and that he does not commit the sin of being tasteless and dull.

In quite another fashion Glenway Wescott's essay holds its promise of longevity; it has something to say beyond the requirements of the personal tribute that it is, and it is also written in the very texture and spirit of Fitzgerald's best prose. The piece was first published in 1941 soon after Fitzgerald's death, and Wescott saw the occasion as one that demanded an appropriate elegy in prose. The kinship between the two writers was one that had a likeness in poetic sensibility; both wrote verse, and both had chosen prose as the means by which that sensibility reached the public. It is this likeness that gives Wescott's essay on "The Moral of F. Scott Fitzgerald" its authority. What the essay shows is that both Fitzgerald and Wescott were also intellectuals, whether they wished to be

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or not, and that resemblance serves to further Wescott's understanding.

Much of the same authority enters Malcolm Cowley's essay, "Third Act and Epilogue," written for *The New Yorker* in 1945 with reference to "The Crack-up," edited by Edmund Wilson. In this case, as in Wescott's, the particular insight is one of poetic sensibility, the kind that has concern for "the double vision," which Cowley defined as a peculiarity of Fitzgerald's life and work. It is the poet in Wilson, in Wescott, in Cowley who has given meaning to their observations of the Fitzgerald phenomenon, and in the essays written by Cowley and Wescott critical opinion finds its relationship to life.

I am aware that I may be making extraordinary demands on the many worthy critics of Fitzgerald's life and work. I am also aware that an academic attitude toward Fitzgerald's accomplishments has its usefulness, but this usefulness is reserved for the student and not for the reader who takes pleasure in finding an essay which for its own sake demands attention and respect. Dr. Johnson's "common reader" was of that kind; literary shop-talk or merely critical opinion has small chance of survival beyond its generation, for some of the brightest of its ideas grow tarnished and its phrases become critical clichés. It is likely that the Fitzgerald revival which is now at its height will not extend beyond the present season. Another kind of place for an interest in Fitzgerald will be found, a place which Malcolm Cowley suggests —and I wish he had carried his analogy further—is not unlike the position held by Stephen Crane. It is true that Fitzgerald has the same affection from the newly awakened readers of his short stories and novels that has been reserved for the readers of Crane. He is in the same line of American literary legend, in which the charm of his youthfulness is not to be underestimated.

Meanwhile the revival has provided a timely moment for Mr. Kazin's book. The editor has written an historical review of the pieces he has collected; and preceding his introduction he quotes Gertrude Stein's belief that Fitzgerald will be read when many of his contemporaries are forgotten—which was a belief shared by Stephen Vincent Benét in 1941. These prophecies have now borne fruit that is not quite ripe—and as for his critics, their fate will rest on the taste and discrimination of the "common reader."

Horace Gregory, lecturer on poetry at Sarah Lawrence College, is the author of "Pilgrim of the Apocalypse," a critical study of D. H. Lawrence, and "Essays on Beliefs in Poetry."

—*From the portrait by Anne Estelle Rice.*

Katherine Mansfield: "*I want to be* REAL."

She Was First a Writer

KATHERINE MANSFIELD. By Sylvia Berkman. New Haven: Yale University Press. 246 *pp.* $3.75.

By Paul Dinkins

KATHERINE MANSFIELD died in 1923 at the mysterious Gurdjieff Institute, near Fontainebleau. She had been ill for years with what the doctors had diagnosed as tuberculosis but had herself become convinced that her basic sickness was a spiritual one and that its cure might lie within the province of Gurdjieff, who was a specialist in souls. As she explained in one of her final letters to her husband, John Middleton Murry: "You see, the question is always *Who am I?* . . . If I were allowed one single cry to God, that cry would be: *I want to be* REAL."

The question remains. Let no one underestimate the difficulty of the assignment Sylvia Berkman has undertaken in writing this biographical-critical study. She is dealing with a legend. After the posthumous publication of her journals and letters Katherine Mansfield was no longer susceptible of purely literary judgment based on her short stories; she became the heroine of a tragic drama. There was more interest in her life, her personality, than in her work. Who, really, was Katherine Mansfield—a vain and immature woman, or a spirit too pure and delicate to bear this world?

Miss Berkman replies calmly that

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she was the author of a body of short stories, remarkable in themselves and of considerable subsequent influence. This is the central fact of which we must not let ourselves lose sight. The biographical aspect is important because Katherine Mansfield happens to be a writer who drew heavily on her own experience for the material of her art. Hence, as Miss Berkman rightly insists, the necessity of the dual approach.

Her account of Miss Mansfield's life proceeds in a spirit of caution that could be properly appreciated only by readers acquainted with the kind of recklessness and emotionalism hitherto dominant in the field. To the early years in New Zealand (covered at such wearisome length in Ruth Mantz's idolatrous "Life") she devotes only a few pages. She makes no attempt to go beyond the little actually known of the obscure period (1908-1912) between Katherine Mansfield's arrival in London to "begin her career" and the inception of her life with Murry—the period of her disastrous first marriage and the attendant scandal and unhappiness. The personal writings, the "Journal" and "Letters," begin with 1913. As biographical sources they are supplemented by the published memoirs of Murry and others. Miss Berkman makes judicious use of this material, realizing its subjective or partisan nature.

There is throughout a good deal of incidental discussion of the stories as they were written, and the final chapter is exclusively critical. Besides making the usual comparison to Chekhov, Miss Berkman suggests correspondences between the Mansfield stories and Joyce's in "Dubliners." Regarding the matter of influence on the development of the contemporary short story she claims no more than has already been acknowledged by many distinguished writers.

There will be other books on Katherine Mansfield. New biographical material will shortly be supplied by Murry's publication of additional letters; and time will lend further perspective to criticism. Miss Berkman's book is not an exciting one—but there has been too much of that, anyway. It will not please everybody, for Katherine Mansfield was a writer and a personality about whom feelings run high. It is notably successful, though, in its admirable indication of the proper direction away from the rites and ecstasies of the cultists, toward real understanding of this extraordinarily complex and interesting figure.

Paul Dinkins, professor of English at Texas Christian University, is at present engaged on a study of the works of Katherine Mansfield.

Bullheaded—and Delightful

THE LATER EGO. By James Agate. New York: Crown Publishers. 625 pp. $4.

By Richard Watts, Jr.

IT IS virtually an axiom that the only good drama critic is the dead drama critic. Each generation in the theatre is inevitably to be found denouncing the practising reviewers as pygmies and imbeciles and contrasting their fatuous idiocies with the superb merits of the giants who formerly pursued the craft of criticism. Obviously, there are generations of detractors that must be wrong, but it is also possible that some of them are right, and there is evidence that this is one of the periods when such is the case.

Nevertheless, as one of the current crop of pygmy successors to Aristotle I suspect that in some ways we are not altogether hopeless. It is my guess that in judgment, appreciation, candor, honesty, and devotion to the best interests of the theatre we are just as good as various earlier generations of critics, if not even a trifle better. What we lack is the ego, the vivid personal color, the temperament, and the violent showmanship that marked the individual style of the most eminent of our newspaper predecessors.

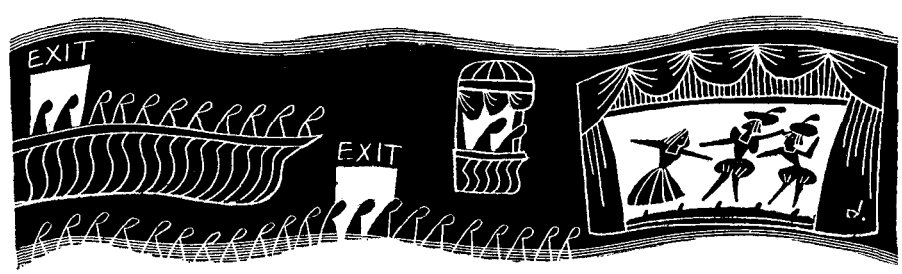
In a way, I suppose, we are the victims of the age-old campaign waged by our natural enemies—the playwrights, producers, and actors. They have told us that critics are arrogant, ruthless, destructive, ignorant, and given to the shocking vice of self-exploitation. So we have become meek, kindly, helpful, self-conscious about not being creative, and fearful of anything that might be interpreted as showing off. We may be fairly sound judges of theatrical merit and reasonably accurate guides for the remaining playgoers, but, save for Mr. Nathan, who can hardly be looked upon as a journalistic reviewer, we are not much good at the important business of giving effective one-man shows.

I think that any newspaper drama reviewer who picks up "The Later Ego," the collection of James Agate's journals, "Ego 8" and "Ego 9," published in this country for the first time, will be gloomily conscious of this fact about himself, even if he is so parochial as never to have heard of the late English critic before. There are plenty of things that could be said against Mr. Agate as a critic—indeed, *were* said with vigor and vehemence by the people professionally concerned with the British theatre. He was violent, unfair, dogmatic, prejudiced, cantankerous, stubbornly opinionated, and wilfully "destructive." All the objectionable epithets that producers, playwrights, and actors apply to play reviewers were true of him. But he was a personality, he was a showman, and he was alive; and, therefore, he was listened to and respected, even by his ardent enemies.

Since "The Later Ego" is the most personal of journals it is impossible not to be personal when writing of its author. In the early days of the war I arrived by plane in England, headed for a wartime job in Dublin, and having given up writing about the theatre and most of my chief interests I was feeling a little depressed as I waited that morning in a Bristol airport. Then I picked up a copy of *Punch* and saw a book review in it, and immediately the world looked brighter. For it was the review of a compilation Agate had made of his essays, and with the magnificent arrogance characteristic of him he had called it "Here's Richness!" When a drama critic was cocky enough to give that title to a collection of his own work I felt better about my profession and the future.

I suppose a diarist is all the more fun to read if he is something of a—well, if he isn't exactly the nicest man in the world. James Agate wasn't an especially nice man. He was malicious and unfair and narrow-minded and a little spiteful. And certainly he was an intellectual show-off. But it happens that these are just the qualities which make his journals such fascinating and provocative reading. No one ever said that Boswell and Pepys were the most admirable of human beings. And James Agate is decidedly worthy to be mentioned in the same paragraph with them. He is in their tradition and quite possibly their peer.

Agate was certainly not a critic



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whose only interest was the drama. His concerns ranged from music and literature to race horses and golf, and, although he was not vastly preoccupied with political matters, he left no doubt of somewhat petulant Tory prejudices. Although his learning was immense and his sympathy for French culture genuine, he could be curiously insular. Most contemporary drama critics are uncomfortable when they try to write about acting, but Agate was at his best when analyzing in detail the quality of a performance. At one point he says: "It is quite possible that I am not a good judge of plays. For example, I regard the whole of the later Sean O'Casey as pretentious twaddle. On the other hand, I not only think, I *know*, that I am the best critic of acting during the last hundred years." I suspect that, as often, he was exaggerating, but he certainly could bring a performance to life.

"The Later Ego" begins with an entry for January 1, 1945, and ends on June 2, 1947, five days before his death. He knew he was closing a diary he had been publishing for fifteen years. It is a notable monument to a man of considerably more than ordinary size and a maddeningly delightful observer. One thing the stage needs is more prejudiced, bull-headed, cantankerous critics like James Agate. There's too much objectivity around, perhaps.

Richard Watts, Jr., is drama critic of The New York Post.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 413

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 413 will be found in the next issue.

YXWPINWPY KPFOIZ NY

TNQP FTFKFYIPU —

FHA FY MXTA

—XTNEPU YI. CXGH

LXLFUIZ.

Answer to Crypt No. 412

Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. —SAMUEL ULLMAN.

To Express the Human Heart

LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 389 pp. $3.75.

By HENRY W. WELLS

PRESUMABLY no one today questions the opinion that Emily Dickinson's letters constitute a major contribution to American literature. A new printing of the first collection, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd in 1894, makes these letters more accessible and reopens fascinating problems of their literary, textual, biographical, and psychological interpretation. They have already experienced the critical vicissitudes which a classic as a rule accumulates only through several generations. They have on the whole been even more generally accepted than the poems but admired at different times for contradictory reasons.

Like the poems, the letters on their first appearance were distinctly popular, going through many printings. Also, like the poems, they failed for two decades to gain the approval of the critical elite. The rise of Emily's fame occurred, of course, with the rebirth of American poetry about 1914. Then there were even those who avowedly preferred the letters to the verses, for the letters were material highly agreeable to the then popular neo-romantic theory that poetry is simply explosive stuff, that the overall form of a poem matters little, that the essential condition is the presence of profoundly moving images moving different readers in different ways.

To neo-romantic eyes the letters seemed even more intimate and alive than the more studied verses, more direct and impassioned, less mannered and perverse. But, when, aided by Paul Valéry, the views of a newer criticism hardened into a prim senility and the form of a poem came to signify all, it was mistakenly discovered that Emily's explosive poems lacked form; these accordingly suffered, while the letters still remained attractive—with the license always enjoyed by letters but abruptly denied to verse. So the letters lasted well, any way one looks at it.

How do the letters stand up today? The answer is better than ever, for in them we discover the essential stuff of poetry, a true and unequivocally human expression of the life we share in common. For Emily was at once democrat, realist, idealist, and artist. On the whole the letters are less philosophical, esthetic, or moving than the poems but are none the less alive. Almost never dull, they are often

Emily Dickinson: "Love is its own rescue."

deeply stirring, frequently most sprightly. That the first collection should be reproduced is itself thoroughly fitting, though many letters have since been found and will continue to be found. Some of the best of aphorisms are here. "Love is its own rescue, for we, at our supremest, are but its trembling emblems." "Sorrow seems more general than it did, and not the estate of a few persons, since the war began; and if the anguish of others helped one with one's own, now would be many medicines."

These letters help to challenge poetry today to face its proper function, which is not to dissect its own principles, to amuse its creator, to analyze disease, to supply a needed therapy, nor to divert a cult but, as always, to express the human heart and those values which it holds and finds most precious, to confront the age with its own soul and aspirations. In a century which generally mistook poetry for cake Emily knew it to be bread. Most of us still have to relearn her lesson.

But there are signs that we are learning it. For example, in a talk at the Harvard Poetry Conference, in August 1950, the eminent French poet Pierre Emmanuel observed: "A great poet could write a whole epic starting from the one word *bread*." It is no matter whatsoever that Emily Dickinson is a lyric, not an epic, poet. She gives us our daily bread. Whether in lyrics or letters, she magnificently demonstrates the truth of Pierre Emmanuel's remark.

Henry W. Wells, a member of the English department at Columbia University, is the author of "An Introduction to Emily Dickinson," "The American Way of Poetry," and other books.

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Cuds to Chew on in the Dark

ONCE AROUND THE SUN. By Brooks Atkinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 376 pp. $4.

By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

"THE ONLY important thing a writer needs is a subject." The able drama critic of *The New York Times* makes this statement in a book that distinguishes itself by doing without a subject. "Once Around the Sun" is a collection of random thoughts and observations set down as brief entries under the days of the year. One day it is a few lines on the importance of human rights. Another, it is the look of the Hudson River after dark. The topics are generally, though not necessarily, relevant to the calendar. Lincoln's birthday inspires two paragraphs on Lincoln. The singing of birds falls under April 25. What this book demonstrates is that the important thing in writing is the mind of the writer.

The informal personal essay, going back to Montaigne, is by its nature confessional. It interposes no fiction and no ulterior cause. It has no screen of formality. Emerson wrote formal essays on such subjects as friendship and hid his humanity behind them, but the only subject of the "Essays of Elia" was Charles Lamb—even when it was supposed to be roast pig. This is the justification of the personal essay. At its best it presents the finest of spectacles, that of a beautiful mind working with precision.

Brooks Atkinson is a man to be admired and warmly regarded. He is intellectually alive, responsive to the varied aspects of life. In addition to being a notable writer on the theatre he is a distinguished foreign correspondent. He is actively interested in birds and astronomy. He has a good eye for the human scene, urban and rural alike. He has edited collections of Emerson and of Thoreau. You could tell he was a good conversationalist simply by his picture, arms folded and pipe in mouth, and his book leaves no doubt of it. The way to read it is a few passages at random in bed before turning out the light. It may give you a cud to chew on in the dark.

In print, however, the aptitude for conversation is not enough. Informal statement on paper to have validity and impact may require even more discipline than writing that is supported by set forms. What a world of accumulated thought and endeavor, how much controlled power of mind must have gone into the wit of Logan Pearsall Smith's remark that when he thinks of the earth's refrigeration and the ultimate collapse of our Solar System he has grave misgivings! The result is that the statement keeps giving off its thought like a radioactive particle.

But Mr. Atkinson, I suspect, is not really thinking when he remarks that in writing the subject only is important. He is conforming to the fashionable notions of a mindless society that is interested only in what is topical. He is being *Homo novoyorkensis*, c. 1950. To illustrate his point he cites "Moby Dick," the worst possible illustration, but promptly betrays his confusion of Melville's novel with some other book, possibly "Two Years Before the Mast," by referring to it as a record of "the tragic awakening of a man brought up amid the snobberies of middle-class life and then let down into the damp, stinking squalor of the fo'c'sle." Later on, expressing himself as shocked at the number of Americans who exercise their freedom not to vote, he adds: "Whatever methods the Russian Communists use for getting out the vote, they have a right to be proud of the number of people who come to the polls." Since his devotion to freedom shines through so many of these pages one concludes again that he is not really thinking what he is saying. He is running on casually, as all of us do in conversation. But this is, after all, a book; this bears the authority of print.

Twenty-five years ago it was fashionable to believe that journalistic training was the best possible experience a writer could have. It was regarded as a discipline. The theory, which is astonishing in the light of practice, was that a reporter had to tell his story directly and concisely. Leaving aside such elements as thoughtfulness and compactness, the pace alone at which a reporter has to turn out his material tends to unfit him for a kind of expression that, like poetry, requires a painstaking concentration of thought and observation, a density of meaning that only carefully constructed sentences will bear. Perhaps a subject is the only important thing a reporter needs.

One ought not to blame the times, however, on Mr. Atkinson. It is true, but not his fault, that journalism has largely pre-empted the temple of literature. There is, in fact, more than journalism here and some pleasant browsing. The reader is assured of acquaintance with an attractive human being.

"Make a carbon for me, Doc. Who knows—I may want to write my autobiography."

Louis J. Halle, Jr., who is associated with the Department of State, is the author of "Spring in Washington" and other volumes of personal essays.

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE PLAY: A Critical Anthology. Edited by Eric Bentley. Prentice-Hall. $3.65. The lot of a drama anthologist is a pleasurable one, especially when there are no elaborate theories to be demonstrated and the choice of selections is guided only by the need to be representative of tragedy, comedy, and farce. There is the

(*Continued on page* 40)

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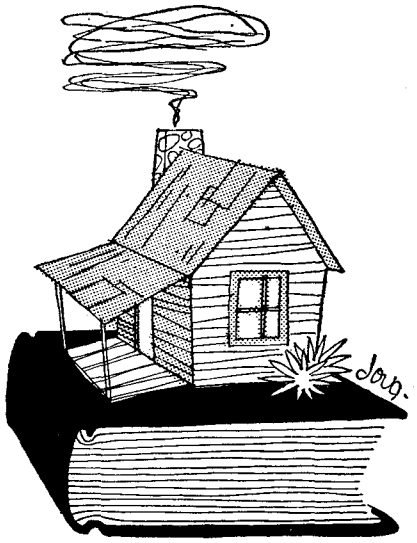
Double-Take on Mississippi



B. J. SKELTON

THE CLAY and loess hills and bottoms that make up the farm land of Attala County, Mississippi, would not impress a motorist traveling along State Highways 12 or 35, for most of the land is not farmed at all; it lies dormant in scrubby woodland, barren pastures, or abandoned fields.

A passerby would observe scattered farm hands grubbing sprouts, burning brushpiles, driving a team of mules, moving more swiftly on an occasional tractor, or sitting under the shade of a tree while their mules stand hoof deep and drink from the current of a cool branch.

If the traveler is not a native but an outsider from a neighboring state or from the North or East he probably does not notice the Attala landscape at all. However, if he is conscious of being in Attala County, if by chance he noticed the black-and-white marker on the right of the highway reading, "Enter Attala County," he is thinking, not of the sight of the croppers and their wrestlings with the poor soil of the Big Black River uplands, but of the notorious Attala County slayings of January 1950.

Suggested to his mind is a land where three crazy-drunk white men could invade a Negro cabin and wantonly shoot to death four of its occupants and wound another and yet before the Attala County bar get off with their necks and assorted terms in prison—could and did and, logically, could again.

The motorist, whose knowledge of Attala County is limited to newspaper and news-magazine reports, would fail to recognize the name of Blanche Colton Williams. But out of this same county came a brilliant writer, teacher, biographer, and founder of the O. Henry Memorial Short Stories series, which she edited for fourteen years.

Dr. Williams was no giant of American literature, but she was a significant contribution to the field, and a contribution from an area from which, by sociological standards, she should never have emerged. However, for the purposes of advertising Attala County she made one mistake. She did not kill anybody, much less four Negroes in the heart of dark Mississippi.

What the transient motorist speeding across Highway 12 or 35 thinks of Attala County is, regardless of the whole truth, not only the popular picture of Attala County but also of Mississippi, of which Attala could be considered both the geographical center and sociological microcosm.

It is an amazing paradox that Mississippi, which earns a low rating on almost every table of national statistics ever compiled—and particularly literacy statistics—should be so distinguished for the quality and consistency of its literary output. To non-Mississippians this appears inconsistent and not entirely sporting of the "worst state in the Union" (thank you, H. L. Mencken), "the state the nation could best do without" (thank you, Jerome Frank), and the state Arkansas and Georgia thank the Lord for.

Mississippi cannot deny flunking the statistical test. The facts—lowest expenditure per pupil for education, lowest per capita income, fewest telephones per thousand people, lowest average salaries of school teachers, fewest hospital beds and doctors per thousand people—are there for all to see. Various channels of public information have made the picture seem even worse by epitomizing Mississippi as the land of Bilboism, bigotry, and backwardness.

It is time that Mississippi be allowed, if not a reappraisal, at least a sort of critical double-take.

The state's literary flowering in the twentieth century was begun, perhaps unconsciously, but nevertheless begun, perpetuated, and deeply influenced by a man who returned to his home town of Oxford, Mississippi, following service with the Royal Air Force during World War I. There he began forging the pattern from which he subsequently built a mythical kingdom that has become accepted as a legend of the Deep South. This man, William Faulkner, has continued to live at Oxford, fame and Hollywood notwithstanding, which has marked him, by the peripatetic standards of an age of gadabouts, as a hopeless stay-at-home.

Faulkner began his multi-ology on Yoknapatawpha County with "Sartoris" and "The Sound and the Fury" and continued it through nearly a dozen volumes, including "Sanctuary" and "The Wild Palms," to his most recent "Knight's Gambit." His symbolic kingdom is based on that section of North Mississippi which lies on the border between the sand hills and the river bottoms, a region populated by cotton-growing farmers, backwoodsmen, and small-town people. Faulkner has surveyed and mapped this country, signing it "William Faulkner, sole owner and proprietor."

Faulkner's naturalism, which sometimes sinks to undisguised sensationalism, is brilliantly displayed in the pungent language of the back-country and in the haunting dramatization of the subnormal mind. His recent novel and film "Intruder in the Dust" told the story of a near-lynching and the interplay of inverted, peculiarly Mississippi pride (both white and Negro), with political overtones which indicate that the inscrutable Mr. Faulkner, if indifferent to what the Northerners say about his writing, is not indifferent to what they say about the South.

BUT Mississippi is marked by its own brand of sectionalism, which divides the delta, the hills, the prairie, the piney woods, the brown-loam country, and the Gulf coast; the townspeople and the country folks, the whites and the blacks. This confederation, bound together by geographical boundaries, the Protestant faith, family ties, Federal civil rights legislation, and the militant, unreconstructed, almost overbearing pride and innate crankiness toward anything "foreign"—especially criticism—exists outside the Faulkner legend as well as within it.

These other facets of Mississippiana have not lacked for storytellers. One is Jackson's Eudora Welty, author of "Delta Wedding," "Curtain of Green," "The Robber Bridegroom," and other novels and short stories. Miss Welty's Mississippi, aside from her frequent preoccupation with the abnormal and

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demented, veers away from the Faulkner trail. Miss Welty, who came to know every corner of the state and its wide variety of people while working on a Government job, displays her version of Mississippi with unusual skill. This version, if the critics are to be trusted, exhibits a "clear, original prose style," which "one page after another turns up sharp landscapes and atmosphere, details of costume, action, and speech with flashes of brilliance."

Most versatile of the writers who came out of Mississippi is Stark Young, who went from a Como and Oxford, Mississippi, boyhood to fame as a poet, magazine editor, best-selling novelist, and prominent critic. Mr. Young in his two novels, "Heaven Trees" and "So Red the Rose," was the precursor of a trend in American fiction toward the glamorous mode of portraying plantation life in the South. He has also exerted a strong influence on other writers, notably on Sherwood Anderson, whose radical originality he encouraged and stimulated.

Tennessee Williams, currently Broadway's most toasted playwright, was born in Columbus, Mississippi, and lived there until his high-school days, when his family moved to St. Louis. Named Thomas Lanier by his parents, he chose the name Tennessee out of respect for his pioneer Tennessee forebears. Although he long ago left Mississippi and although "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," his two most famous plays, do not contain Mississippi backgrounds subject matter from his native state has been utilized in a number of his plays, including those in his volume of collected one-acters entitled "27 Wagon Loads of Cotton."

Williams, who says he was brought up in an atmosphere of Southern puritanism, still maintains a love for Mississippi and has said, "I love the cypress brakes and bayous, and even the tragic social dilemma down there has a kind of Chekhovian beauty. I also love the Negro race." That the latter statement is true is evident in his unpretentious but persistent fight for the rights of Negroes, a fight, incidentally, in which nearly every Mississippi author has at one time or another participated.

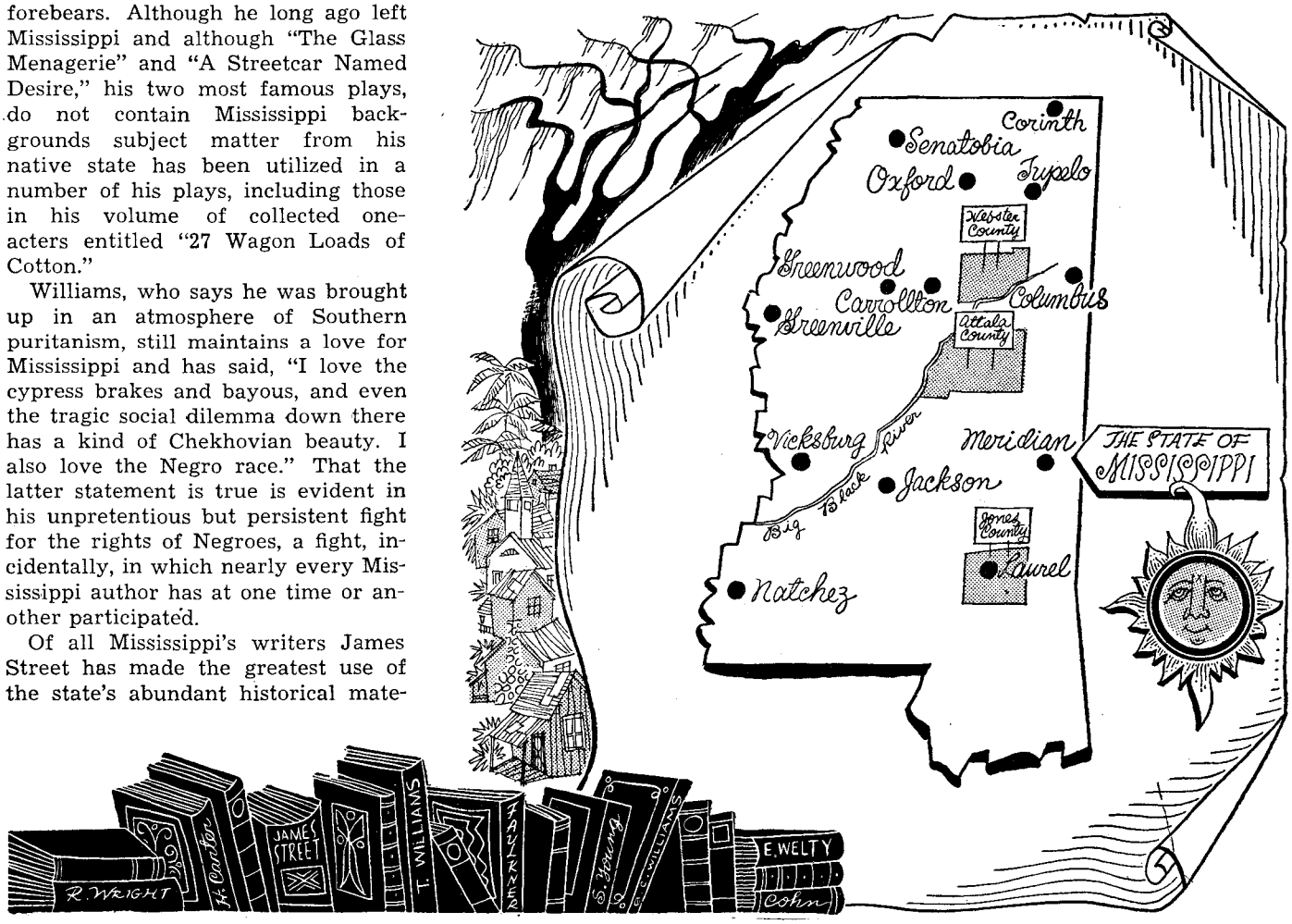
Of all Mississippi's writers James Street has made the greatest use of the state's abundant historical material. He has thoroughly exploited its territorial lore, the part history, part legends of its early pioneers and Indians, scouts and explorers, fighters and statesmen. Street, a one-time Laurel, Mississippi, note-scribbling reporter, is now a resident of Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

In "Oh, Promised Land" Street fictionized the life and times of Scout Sam Dale and followed it up in "Taproots" with an imaginative account of the resistance of Jones County, Mississippi, to the Confederacy. Two other noteworthy books from this prolific author are "The Biscuit Eater," the classic story of a boy and a dog, and "The Gauntlet," a sympathetic, engrossing story of the vicissitudes of a Protestant minister in the South. Street knows what he is talking about on the latter, having become a Baptist preacher at nineteen and having exercised the call to preach for two years before backsliding into newspaper work. At that, however, it was a much more fortunate choice for Mississippi than the late Senator Theodore Bilbo's decision to forego preaching for politicking.

MISSISSIPPI is somewhat obligated to the late Huey P. Long for one addition to its roster of outstanding writers. Hodding Carter, formerly a newspaper editor in Hammond, Louisiana, fought a losing battle with the Louisiana "Kingfish" and was forced to beat a strategic retreat across the Mississippi River to Greenville, Mississippi, where he fought another losing battle against Mississippi's "Stormy Petrel," the late Mr. Bilbo. Although he has lost a few battles, Carter is still very much in the war. Editor of the *Greenville Delta Democrat Times*, he captured a Pulitzer Prize in 1946 for editorial writing. His tireless, fearless writing on explosive public issues has earned him the titles of "fighting editor" and "spokesman for the South."

These titles he substantiated and fortified with his latest book, "Southern Legacy," an autobiographical series of essays which explain the South in terms of its spiritual as well as social and economic heritage. Carter's views have drawn fire from extremists of both the ultra-conservative and liberal ilk but his has been the voice of reason, amplifying, explaining, re-explaining, simultaneously defending and criticizing, the tangled and interrelated issues of the present-day South. A frequent contributor to leading newspapers and magazines, Carter writes with the crusading fervor and hard-fisted conviction that

(*Continued on page* 33)



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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.
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The Pulitzer Awards

THE PULITZER awards, despite the numerous literary prizes which have come into existence since their establishment, still remain the most coveted distinction of American letters. But they remain so despite the recurrent criticism of the judgment exercised in their selection and of the secrecy which attends the constitution of their selecting committees. Presumably the membership of these committees is chosen on the basis of special fitness, and presumably, too, it is kept anonymous in order to protect it from pressure.

With the fact that judges should go unnamed until the awards are made we are in complete accord, but we think it unfortunate and much to the diminution of the authority of these awards that the public should be denied knowledge of the personnel which bestows its accolade upon them. Especially in this day of conflicting and too often incoherent opinion, when the color of a man's politics or the direction of his social and idealistic beliefs may, almost inevitably will, influence his attitude toward contemporary literature, is it essential that the public have some means to assess the factors which enter into the selection of one book as against another from the crop of current publications.

How much does the ideology of a novel weigh in choosing it? How much does the applicability of a history or biography to the moment count in its favor? What validity does the modernity or traditional nature of verse have for those who are choosing a volume of poetry? These are all components of selection by which the Pulitzer prizes are conditioned. At present the public has no yardstick by which to measure the significance of those awards because it cannot, through ignorance of the men and women who make them, assess their value in relation to the personal equation as well as to an objective approach.

There is small doubt that in 1951 as in previous years there will be divergence of opinion as to the judgment displayed by the Pulitzer Committee in its choices. There can, of course, as we have intimated above, be no hard and fast standard of selection in a field in which individual taste plays at least as great a part as critical acumen in the ultimate decisions. Certain definite factors, to be sure, can be assumed as fundamental —authenticity of material, competence in writing, absence of highly technical content. These granted, the field is wide open except for the stipulation that the prize-winning volumes be written by Americans and deal with the American scene, though this latter stipulation has been modified to read in so far as fiction and drama are concerned that they must "*preferably* deal with American life."

It is perhaps as a result of the foregoing provision that the Pulitzer Committee bestowed its fiction award upon Conrad Richter's "The Town" rather than upon John Hersey's "The Wall," which in a popular vote would in all probability have carried off the honors. (Incidentally, *SRL*'s poll of critics [May 5] gave first place to "The Wall," second to "The Town.") Mr. Richter's book, the final volume of a trilogy which advances from Revolutionary days to the Civil War, is sound historical fiction, at once the epitome of American evolution from the wilderness to industrialization and the saga of a pioneer woman who in her eighty years of life witnessed and in a manner symbolized that progression. It is veracious, vigorous, and poetic. But it in no way approaches in originality or in stature Mr. Hersey's somber but compassionate and profoundly moving novel.

Mr. Hersey's book, to be sure, does not deal with the American scene. It is laid in the Polish ghetto during the war, a fact which quite probably weighed with the judges in eliminating it but one which in the light of earlier Pulitzer selections, Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth" and Mr. Hersey's own "A Bell for Adano," presented no insuperable objection. "The Wall" is a unique achievement in the amazing fidelity with which it transcribes the life and mentality of an alien people; it has caught the very accent of their thought and cadence of their speech, and while neither romanticizing nor sentimentalizing their courage and endurance, indeed, while showing the pitiful weaknesses of human nature even when nobly uplifted by disaster it is a monument to human valor and strength. In ignoring it the Pulitzer Committee turned its back upon what not only will seem to many the most distinguished novel of last year but of many years.

IN history the Committee crowned scholarship in its choice of R. Carlyle Buley's "The Old Northwest." That the award will serve to introduce a highly meritorious work to a public

I Have a Need of Gulls

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

I HAVE a need of gulls again and their flying
Over the foam-white acres of the sea
Where the sunrise drifts like a fleet of ships afire
And the dark like eternity.
I have a need of the yellow sea oats' music
And the single salty note
Curled in the palm of a shell as pale as the sigh
In a sandpiper's throat.

Too long the city has housed me and fed me its fare,
Too long I have run with the crowd;
I have a need to be free again like the gulls,
To bathe my face in the cold white peace of a cloud.
I have a need to lie at length on the sands,
To unshoulder my burdens out where the seagulls cry,
And to all of my heart's dark questions unanswered
Hear the white answers they write in the sky.

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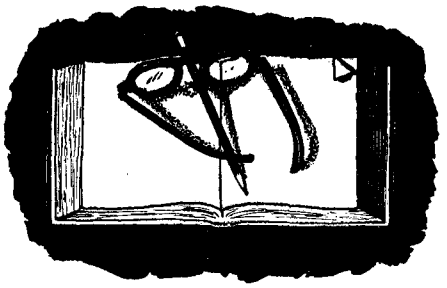
in general ignorant of its existence is evidenced by the fact, to quote merely a solitary instance, that in *The Saturday Review* poll of critics it received no single mention, the lead in the voting having been equally divided between Henry Steele Commager's "The American Mind," "The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins (a two-time Pulitzer Prize winner), and Herbert Agar's "The Price of Union." In the case of Mr. Nevins's work it is, of course, quite probable that the Committee wished to withhold consideration until such time as the series of which it is a part is concluded and can be judged as a whole. Or was perhaps Mr. Nevins (or Mr. Commager, too, for that matter) a member of the selecting committee in history and so automatically disqualified as was Mr. Krock in journalism? It would be interesting — and enlightening—to know.

IN THE selection of Margaret L. Coit's "John C. Calhoun: American Patriot" for the biography award the wide public which found in Catherine Drinker Bowen's "John Adams and the American Revolution" a study much to its taste may feel some surprise, but Miss Coit's work won enthusiastic comment from reviewers when it appeared and worked comparatively new ground. It stood high in the poll of the literary critics.

Of all the awards the one which will probably win most general assent is that of Carl Sandburg's "Collected Poems." Sandburg has had the Pulitzer Prize for biography (with "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years"), but despite the long period in which he has ranked among the foremost poets of the country his work in that field has gone uncrowned by the judges. The prize is now bestowed upon the body of his verse. It might, indeed, be wished that it had gone to a volume of "selected" rather than "collected" poems for there is wide variation in their quality. Nevertheless, through Carl Sandburg the voice of America speaks authentically, if not always with the same eloquence, at its best in racy interpretation of the American scene and American life, always with understanding of the democratic impulse and with love of country.

Why the Committee chose to ignore the drama award when it had "Billy Budd," a play of exceptional caliber, to choose is hard to surmise. It may, to be sure, have been influenced by the fact that the play was built from a story written by an author long dead. At any rate the drama went without bestowal of award.

—A. L.



Bookmarks

IT IS not too early to think of 1951 Christmas cards—certainly not if you adopt the plan of Wayne C. Williams, a Denver attorney. At the end of each year Mr. Williams sends to some three hundred friends a mimeographed list of the books he has read during the past twelve months, with comments, and suggests that they send him lists in return. He seems to average about a book a week, which is excellent for a busy man. Though his main concern is present-day writing, he enjoys an occasional dip into the past—during 1950, for instance, he reread Whittier and found him pertinent to these times. His comments are forthright capsule reviews. Of Aldous Huxley's "Ape and Essence" Mr. Williams notes: "I can't see that he makes his point clearly enough to justify the time spent on the book." He enjoyed Gerald Johnson's "Incredible Tale" but thought him "very unfair to Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt." Ernest Hemingway's "Across the River and Into the Trees" is dismissed with a word—"rotten." Virtually everything else Mr. Williams read pleased him, from a little to immensely. We shall look forward to his 1951 roll-call with high anticipation.

* * *

The fallacy of the fewer-and-better-books theory is the absence of guarantee that the fewer books would be better.

* * *

This is the era in fiction writing not merely of the flashback but of the flashback within the flashback—of the *in medias res* technique doubled and redoubled. We long occasionally for the straightforward A-to-Z novel that opens with "I was born."

* * *

Further source of confusion for the outlander learning English: the antithetical distinction between a green hand and a green thumb.

* * *

Aren't there any thin-set people?

—J. T. W.

Good News

► Two years ago UNESCO cautiously launched a "book coupon scheme" designed to start books moving across borders previously closed by the red tape of currency restrictions. Until then books, scientific apparatus, and educational films were kept out of the hands of people who needed them urgently. Today UNESCO coupons have joined the scant ranks of currencies accepted in most parts of the world. The recent issue of Coupon F-00904 to France brought the total issue of coupons above the $1,000,000 mark. In any of twenty countries one can now order a book from abroad and pay for it with a UNESCO coupon. The same holds true for educational films in thirteen countries and scientific apparatus in eleven.

Actually the operation costs very little. To back its million-dollar coupon issue UNESCO has used only $800,000. The difference is represented in the sale of coupons to buyers in soft-currency countries, where they were used to purchase books from other soft-currency countries—leaving the dollar reserve untouched. Proceeds from the sale of coupons are used for UNESCO's normal budgetary expenditures. So far India has been the best customer for the coupons, buying $175,000 worth. The United States, the largest book-selling country in the scheme, is now becoming a purchaser as well. Several major American booksellers have bought coupons, and negotiations are under way with a number of American libraries, including the Library of Congress, interested in using coupons for their own foreign book acquisitions. The American Booksellers Association is the organization in the U. S. which receives book coupons from purchasers in other countries and provides books on a non-profit basis. This is but one of the many programs UNESCO is carrying out to promote better understanding among the world's peoples.

► Edith Hamilton, the distinguished classical scholar and author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way," has received the National Achievement Award.

► Close to 2,500,000 persons visited the American Museum of Natural History and the Hayden Planetarium in New York during the past year. The museum attendance figure far exceeds that of Yankee Stadium and almost equals the combined attendance for the full year of 1949 at the Belmont Park, Jamaica, and Aqueduct race tracks.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Conversations with Nehru"

SIR: Norman Cousins's "Conversations with Nehru" [*SRL* Apr. 14 & 21] deserves an Oscar. This type of reporting should do much to help relieve the tension existing between ourselves and our Far Eastern neighbors by substituting understanding and sympathy for the problems with which they are faced.

ROBERT J. WHEEL.

Newport, R. I.

SIR: You have rendered an inestimable service in publishing the "Conversations with Nehru." It is a significant revelation of the mind of Nehru—his gracious patience, his simplicity, his nobility, his mental and moral integrity, his irony blended with tact, and his suavely brilliant refusal to be "cornered" at any point into saying what he did not mean. To my mind it is his line of reasoning to which we should look for leadership rather than, say, to General MacArthur's.

Is there any plan to issue these "Conversations" in book form?

JOAN HUNTLEY.

Toronto, Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "Conversations with Nehru" will be published shortly in book form by The John Day Co.*

SIR: We can be confident that Nehru is one of the world's wisest men—direct, honest, and of the highest moral character. The West has much to learn about and from India and the rest of the Orient. But I wonder how many readers of the "Conversations" winced at Nehru's almost belligerent attitude toward proselytizing. Can it be that that wonderful man, so dedicated to the welfare of his people, never thinks of the thousands of Christian missionaries working more than a century and a half in India? Millions of outcast pariahs have been educated, some to become important leaders. Missionaries and their Western supporters have dotted the land with Christian hospitals, schools, and colleges.

Why not acknowledge—as Gandhi did—the influence of Christianity on the thinking and habits of Indian leaders?

HELEN C. GALLUN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: In his interview with Norman Cousins Prime Minister Nehru of India made this comment about Russian feeling toward the Western world: "After the Soviet Revolution in Russia the Soviet Union had tremendous problems and difficulties. It was amazing that it survived. Now, I think that a very wrong step was taken then by trying to suppress the Soviet Union, cut it off, isolate it. . . . That failed, but it resulted in one thing: it turned the Soviet Union into a bitter opponent of Western countries; and the memory of that isolation survives in Russia."

Is it possible, I wonder, that Prime Minister Nehru does not know the whole story of our relations with the Soviet Union? Surely, a balanced comment on those relations would include at least mention of the help rendered the USSR by Herbert Hoover's American Relief Administration for nearly two years, August 1921 to July 1923. As one who served in Russia on that mission I speak from first-hand knowledge.

In the summer of 1921 a terrible famine was sweeping large sections of Russia. On July 23 Maxim Gorky, speaking for the Soviet Government, appealed to the West for "prompt aid to the Russian people. Give bread and medicine." The same day Mr. Hoover answered the Gorky appeal, offering to "furnish necessary supplement of food, clothing, and medical supplies to a million children as rapidly as organization could be effected."

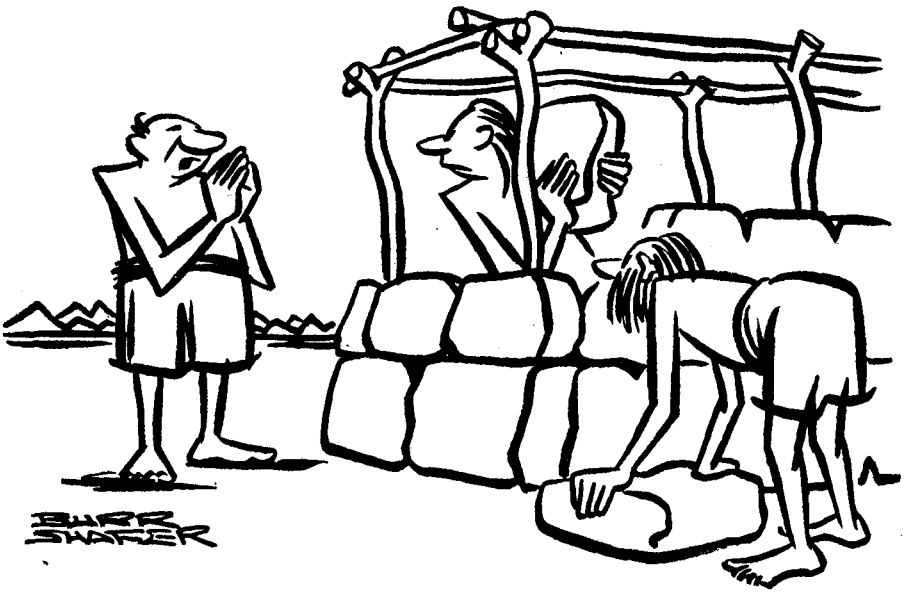
Within a few months the ARA reached this goal. A year after Mr. Hoover's cable to Gorky we were feeding about ten and a half million Russians. Over four million of them were children whom we fed daily in our kitchens. In addition to this huge feeding program we supplied millions of dollars in clothing, blankets, medicines, and hospital supplies. Our intervention of mercy prevented the depopulation of the Volga valley, one of Russia's two great grain baskets.

When our work came to an end Kamenev, speaking officially for the Soviet Government, uttered these farewell words: "Thanks to the tremendous, utterly unselfish efforts of the ARA, millions of people of all ages were saved from death, and whole villages and even cities were saved from the terrible catastrophe threatening them."

In those days we had the good will and appreciation of the overwhelming majority of the Russian people. Lenin, be it remembered, was still alive. Stalin had not come to power. Some years later Stalin liquidated Kamenev along with most of Lenin's old Bolshevik co-workers. Stalin and his own Politburo followers have done everything possible to try to make the world, especially the Russians, forget what American help did for the Russian people. Yet that American intervention of mercy in the early days of the Soviet regime is a vital part of the record.

HENRY C. WOLFE.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I want the design to be conservative—it should look like a cave or a hollow tree."

Hole of the Muskrat

SIR: Bergen Evans, in his review of "A Dictionary of Americanisms" [*SRL* Apr. 28], asks: "And why doesn't someone know what Wisconsin means? How can they sleep restfully in Milwaukee until it's explained?"

Let Dr. Evans worry himself no more over Milwaukee's troubled sleep. We know what Wisconsin means. It comes from an Algonquian word best rendered in English orthography as "Wishkonsing," and translated "the hole of the muskrat" or "place of the beaver." Father Jacques Marquette first recorded the name in his journal of 1673 as "Meskousing." His traveling companion, Louis Joliet, later wrote it "Miskonsing," and Father Louis Hennepin, who journeyed through the state in 1680, wrote it "Ouisconsin," a gallicized spelling widely used during the French regime in the region.

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Lay off Poor Harold!

SIR: Your readers are still chewing out Harold Fromm because he'd just as soon read something besides four-letter words. Harold, they indicate, just doesn't know about Life.

Well, maybe he doesn't. But your big expert Dr. Ellis displayed much more naive attitudes in his article on American sex myths in the same issue—and not a soul has jumped *him*.

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It isn't terminology that bothers Dr. Ellis—it's human nature. Present-day America has no exclusive on hypocrisy, licentious literature, or any of the other things that had Dr. Ellis in a tizzy. Where has the good doctor been all his life?

Why not lay off poor Harold? Naive he may be; but at least he didn't present himself as an authority.

ELIZABETH WENBURG.

Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR: Judging by letters from college students which recently appeared in *SRL* and by the expressed needs of some of their parents, a great many people would be very thankful to you if you could persuade Dr. Ellis to follow up his excellent article "Sex—the Schizoid Best Seller" [*SRL* Mar. 17] with a second article charting positive approaches to sexual ethics for the bewildered young (and old). Dr. Ellis seems to be superbly qualified to make a major contribution in this field. Such a discussion if made relevant to young people's present-day problems would be welcomed by educators and parents all over the U. S.

MOSES JUNG.

New York, N. Y.

No Funds for Forgeries

SIR: Marjorie Nicolson has done a very entertaining review of Richard D. Altick's "The Scholar Adventurer" [*SRL* Mar. 17], but I wish she had not implied that the New York Public Library has spent the taxpayers' money on the purchase of forgeries. Books for the reference department at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue are purchased from private, not public, funds. The reference department is entirely supported by endowments and gifts.

We have spent very little money from any source for the forgeries in our collection, since most of them have been given to us by collectors or book dealers who took this way of removing them from the market and making them useful for study. These forgeries include both printed books, such as the Wise productions, and manuscripts. Some of the latter are quite obvious; many of them passed for many years as genuine. Probably the most obvious is a bound volume, water-stained and encrusted with shells, which purports to be Columbus's journal of his first voyage, lost at sea. It is written in English.

RALPH A. BEALS,
Director, NYPL.

New York, N. Y.

"The Magnificent Yankee"

SIR: Merle Miller's review of the Emmet Lavery film "The Magnificent Yankee" [*SRL* Feb. 10] is the strangest piece of subjective literary criticism that has appeared in your otherwise objective columns for a long time. In fact, you come perilously close to slander—and there are areas in which a literary critic can commit slander—when you give space to Mr. Miller's charge that "the by-no-means anonymous scenarist made one of this country's intellectual and spiritual giants into a dull-witted midget." This is vicious and malicious misreporting.

Compare this verdict of Mr. Miller with the following report from the president of the Bar Association of the State of California:

> It is the pleasure of your president to recommend most highly the new moving picture entitled "The Magnificent Yankee," a splendid biographical study of the life in Washington of the late Mr. Justice Holmes. It is little short of exhilarating to see a moving picture which will so greatly add to the respect to which the bench and bar are entitled. It is an exceptional contribution to our public relations.

May I ask what becomes of *SRL*'s fine crusade to encourage the making and the exporting of films that affirm some of the positive and the creative values in the American way of life? Here is an honest film, well and favorably regarded by most of the New York critics, widely praised by men who know the same man who did the stage play. And what happens? You turn it over to a reviewer who ignores the fundamental canons of good reviewing and indulges in a little private game of literary manslaughter.

ALLEN RIVKIN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ordinarily* SRL *would publish the reviewer's reply to a letter of this nature. Unfortunately, Mr. Miller is abroad and* SRL *has been unable to reach him for comment.*

Amoral Discipline

SIR: In trying to defend "science" Malcolm H. Bissell [LETTERS, *SRL* May 5] makes out a Stygian case against it. I quake at his suggestion that we apply an amoral "intellectual discipline" to our social institutions. No self-respecting social scientist, it seems, would want to *improve* human behavior. Some of us are old enough to remember how Herbert Spencer latched onto the "scientific" dogma of "the survival of the fittest." He had everybody starry-eyed and running around applying a biological theory to everything except biology.

But Mr. Bissell goes farther: "One needs no vivid imagination to picture what might happen to business, politics, education, religions, and the structure of society in general if the discipline of science were applied to them." The point is well taken.

EDWARD H. DARE.

New York, N. Y.

Crime in the Novel

SIR: Harrison Smith's editorial "Writers—on Your Toes" [*SRL* Apr. 14] rightly draws attention to the use that might be made by serious novelists of criminal activities in this country. But when he states that "this fabulously rich material has been left for the writers of detective and crime stories" he has overlooked at least one important novel. Ira Wolfert's "Tucker's People" (reprinted in a Bantam Giant edition as "The Underworld") might have been based on the Kefauver hearings—except it was published originally in 1943.

GEORGE BIDERMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Opinions on Korea

SIR: Readers of Arthur L. Grey, Jr.'s review of my book "Why War Came in Korea" [*SRL* Nov. 25, 1950] and of his subsequent letter in your columns referring to it [*SRL* Mar. 3] can hardly fail to have received several false impressions.

Mr. Grey feels that I omitted various considerations which to him are of importance. Perhaps it could not be otherwise. However, his choice of examples would mislead those who do not have the book at hand.

He wonders why I did "not mention the May elections." They are analyzed in some detail on p. 10 and pp. 175-178. He charges me with having glossed over President Rhee's "insincerity" on the question of land reform. Actually, since my book went to press Rhee's sincerity and effectiveness have been soundly proved by the fact that 1,200,000 acres of former tenant-operated lands have been sold to their occupants for a total cost of 150 per cent of one year's crops, payable in instalments over a five-year period. He refers to Acheson's criticism of the Republic of Korea's fiscal policies (apparently unaware that I reviewed them on p. 176) but he neglects to record Acheson's subsequent praise of Rhee and the National Assembly for its corrective legislation.

What is really involved is Mr. Grey's disagreement with my thesis that the Republic of Korea was making sound progress toward democracy during the two-year period of its life before the Communist attack. The U. N. Commission on Korea, Marguerite Higgins in her new book "The War in Korea," Ambassador Muccio, the ECA, and American Congressmen who have visited Korea attest to this progress. Mr. Grey is fully entitled to hold another opinion if he chooses. But it is hardly cricket to misinform readers by stating that I omitted evidence which actually is presented in rather full detail.

ROBERT T. OLIVER.

State College, Pa.

Best Medium for Sex

SIR: If, as has been long taken for granted, sex in all its ramifications is the life and blood of the fiction field, how can television affect book sales? Sex on television will be, as it has been from the beginning on radio and in the movies, abortive. Hence, the realism of the novel remains still the most free and vivid form of sexing by proxy that an audience can get.

And book readers can just fall asleep. Who is going to have television in his bedroom, much less get up to turn the thing off?

ATLANTIS HALLAM.

Huntington Park, Calif.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

A SEA OF TROUBLES

Frank Lovejoy, Joan Crawford, Eve Arden in "Goodbye, My Fancy"—"just talk."

DURING the Thirties the brothers Warner built up quite a reputation for themselves with a series of hard-hitting, enlightened films on controversial subjects — "I Was a Fugitive," "The Black Legion," "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "They Won't Forget." Along with these went a group of hearteningly liberal pictures, such as "Juarez," "The Life of Emile Zola," and "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet." Only recently has the Warner studio been struggling back to something of that earlier awareness of the world around it. "Storm Warning" had glimpses of the old fight, although, as several unkind critics pointed out, a good deal of energy was spent in beating a horse that was already dead. The Ku Klux Klan, while unfortunately far from dead itself, has nonetheless become a highly respectable issue to attack.

Now Warners have come out with two more, a strangely mixed package which strongly suggests that the left hand is not too aware of what the right hand is up to on that studio's back lot. "Goodbye, My Fancy" again has glimpses of the old liberalism; "I Was a Communist for the FBI" is black reaction. Neither is a particularly good film—but for completely different reasons.

Whenever Hollywood has given expression to liberal sentiments in recent years the inspirational sources have invariably been the New York stage. "Born Yesterday," "State of the Union," and now "Goodbye, My Fancy" may strike at no roots, but they all bespeak patterns of liberal thinking in this country which are both popular and healthy. Unfortunately, as so often happens when a stage play is translated to film, in all of them both the lines of the play and the line of the action were adhered to over and beyond the call of a good film script. Scenes were added, such as Judy Holliday's tour of Washington or a stroll around the campus in "Goodbye, My Fancy." But whenever the characters have to get back to the business of the plot the camera invariably moves indoors and settles down to watching two or three people in a room talking out a situation. Their conversations may be stimulating enough, but the movie rarely is. It takes an actress like Judy Holliday to put it over.

Joan Crawford, the star of "Goodbye, My Fancy," never does. Playing a crusading Congresswoman returning to receive an honorary degree from the university from which she had been expelled, she is ever the sleek, composed, competent actress reciting carefully constructed dialogue. Most of it seems to center about the showing at graduation exercises of a little film the Congresswoman had made on a flying visit to war-torn Europe. The purport of this documentary, we are told (we never actually see it), is so inflammatory as to endanger the thinking of every girl on the campus, and the reactionary board members of the institution oppose the screening. This puts the case squarely up to Robert Young, president of the school and an old flame from Miss Crawford's past. Does academic freedom mean enough to him to risk his position by showing his students what is repeatedly referred to as "the truth"? Actually, of course, in the end the film is shown, and no one is hurt at all; but in the meantime there has been some serious discussion of academic freedom, America's place in the brotherhood of nations, and the importance of free education. But, though the talk is good, it remains just talk.

"I Was a Communist for the FBI," on the other hand, moves into action immediately. Based on the experiences of an FBI agent as published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, its vigor might be expected to be matched by a sense of authenticity — certainly a greater authenticity than, say, the fictitious characters in the fictitious college of "Goodbye, My Fancy." No such thing. Frank Lovejoy, the *Life* photographer of "Fancy," reappears as Matt Cvetic, the FBI plant who blooms into a Communist Party leader; but, though the character is drawn from life, there is never much sense of his really living. His relations with mother, brother, and son are completely perfunctory, while all his actions in the course of the story smack of the cheapest "whodunit." Naturally, this is no help in validating the wild events in which Cvetic becomes involved. The menace of Communism becomes simply another version of the menace of the mad professor or the sex maniac of former penny dreadfuls, with bloodshed and violence punctuating the action repeatedly to catch up flagging attention or, worse still, moments of doubt.

"I Was a Communist" could be dismissed as merely a cheap sensation making capital out of the morning's headlines if those headlines meant less to all of us today. But Warners have themselves mounted the soapbox in this film to cast aspersions on any manifestation of liberal thought in our country. Any meeting addressed by liberals ("pink punks," the film calls them) has been engineered by Communists. Any strike, any picket line, any race riot is fomented by the Reds. Anyone claiming the rights of the Fifth Amendment, anyone doubting our foreign policy, anyone thinking for himself is open to grave suspicion. What Warners have to offer is the old fallacy of either/or,

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

"THE BIG, WARM, FUNNY HIT!" — WALTER WINCHELL
The Happy Time
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way
Eves. at 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44th Street W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A VASTLY ENJOYABLE MUSICAL COMEDY!"—Atkinson, Times
A NEW MUSICAL
SHIRLEY BOOTH JOHNNY JOHNSTON
in
A Tree Grows In Brooklyn
ALVIN THEA. 248 W. 52nd St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

TANGLEWOOD
where Melville and Hawthorne met, is now the home of the Berkshire Music Center, an opportunity for summer music study in connection with the Berkshire Festival Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Everyone in Dept. V, for amateurs and general students, will sing Beethoven's Missa Solemnis with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky. Catalog, Administrator, Berkshire Music Center, Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

with everything either black or white —and shades of gray interpreted as shades of pink. Surely blind reaction is not the only answer to the Communist threat.

* * *

That personable couple Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer have troubles of their own in "The Long Dark Hall" (United Artists), an English picture that has only just found its way here. Not the least of their trouble is the script for this film, an untidy affair about a man whose extramarital light of love is doused one evening. While Mr. Groome (Rex Harrison) stands trial through most of the footage, a deep-eyed fanatic lounges about the courtroom stating from time to time that God's justice is being done. Not until the very end of the picture does anyone catch on that he was God's instrument. But the audience knew it all the time. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. A gem of artistry. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers, in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia, thrillingly photographed by 16mm. amateur camera and narrated with great dry wit by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

I'd Climb the Highest Mountain: Sentiment with minimum treacle in absorbing ups and downs of itinerant Georgia preacher. One of Heaven's more handsome ushers—but why not? (*SRL* March 3.)

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT · RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 241 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

DOORS OPEN 10:30 AM
ROXY
7th AVE. & 50th ST.
High in the Blue Ridges they found and filmed this love story!
I'd climb the Highest Mountain
TECHNICOLOR
SUSAN HAYWARD
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN
20th CENTURY-FOX
By Popular Demand
The PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY Orchestra of New York
104 MUSICIANS
MITROPOULOS CONDUCTING
Assisting Artist MICHAEL RABIN 15-year-old Violin Prodigy
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES
See Your Daily Newspaper for Performance Times

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
starring
FREDRIC MARCH
FLORENCE ELDRIDGE
JANE WYATT
ETHEL GRIFFIES
KENT SMITH
the Autumn Garden
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
CORONET Theatre, W. 49th St.
EVES. 8:40, MATS. WED. & SAT.

"A lusty comedy" ATKINSON, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
The ROSE TATTOO
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON
ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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TV and Radio

JUDGMENT DAY

ONCE more daffodils, Daylight Saving, and Peabody Awards are a sign that "Sumer is icumen in." On April 26 industry bluestockings gathered at a luncheon meeting of the Radio Executives Club of New York, in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, under the guidance of the George Foster Peabody Award Board. The board, representing the University of Georgia's School of Journalism, made its eleventh annual audio and second annual video awards to "the best productions in radio and television for 1950."

"The Halls of Ivy," Schlitz Beer's amiable and useful Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman entry (Wednesdays, NBC), won the radio entertainment (drama) award for succeeding "in mixing wit and charm with liberal and enlightened social philosophy." The award is a richly deserved tribute to writers Don Quinn and Walter Brown Newman. To be liberal and enlightened and at the same time aired and sponsored is something of a miracle these days.

The best-entertainment-in-TV award to Motorola's Jimmy Durante (NBC-TV, Wednesdays) was agreeable if arguable. It was also notable as the Peabody Board's protest against "the stale formulas and dreary routines that were threatening to put television into the same straitjacket that has restricted so-called comedy programs in radio."

The Texas Company's "Metropolitan Opera" won the radio entertainment (music) prize, with a merited "special word of praise for the sumptuous televising by ABC of the Met's opening performance of Verdi's famous opera 'Don Carlo.'"

Ten of the remaining eleven regular awards, all of the sustaining, public-service variety, were distributed carefully, according to custom, to all the networks. There was something for everyone, including United Nations Radio and Radio Free Europe.

In many respects the most interesting of these was the award for "best public service by a local station" to the Louisville, Kentucky, Free Public Library's FM station, WFPL. The citation said the 250-watt station, the first operated by a library, has "extended the cultural resources of the library to home and school alike and in so doing has set a pattern which may well be emulated by both commercial and educational stations."

Since its start in February 1950 WFPL has provided persuasive evidence under the guidance of librarian C. R. Graham, who also is president of the American Library Association, that educators know how to broadcast.

Ranging beyond actual productions, the Peabody Board made two special awards. The first was given to Rhode Island's *Providence Journal*, to editor-publisher Sevellon Brown, and to "brilliant young reporter Ben Bagdikian, who in a series of lively articles carried out the most exacting, thorough, and readable check-up of broadcasts by Walter Winchell, Drew Pearson, and Fulton Lewis, Jr." The American Broadcasting Company won the second special award, "for the network's courageous stand in resisting organized pressure and its reaffirmation of basic American principles." The full text follows:

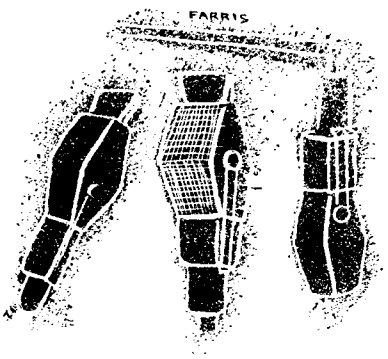
"At a time when radio stations and networks were either firing or refusing to hire writers and actors on the basis of the unsupported innuendoes contained in the publication known as *Red Channels*, Robert Kintner, president of ABC, and his associates Robert Saudek and Joseph A. McDonald refused to be stampeded into either action.

"Mr. Kintner publicly stated his faith in Gypsy Rose Lee, one of the entertainers mentioned in *Red Channels*, and kept her on the air despite an attempt by the American Legion to have her banned. The network, under Mr. Saudek, continued to air documentary programs on controversial subjects, specifically 'Clear and Present Danger,' a study of the loyalty probe."

An *SRL* award is hereby presented to the Peabody Board. It not only recognized an important service to public sanity in making the ABC award, but it also made a distinguished contribution itself.

* * *

WNYC, New York's municipal station, is using each week one of its extra hours of air-time allowed by Daylight Saving Time (10 to 11 P.M. Tuesdays) to offer outstanding productions in the British Broadcasting Company's "World Theatre" series. The programs will probably be circulated through the nationwide tape network of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters. The radio plays, according to WNYC's announcement, "range in content from archeological to historical, social, and artistic subjects, presenting many of the BBC's foremost actors, producers, directors, musicians, and technicians."



I heard "Mother of Cheops," the first of the series, on May 1—a documentary describing the 1924 Harvard-Boston archeological expedition which discovered the tomb of Queen Hetephras, mother of King Cheops. The program was adult, imaginative, and absorbing listening—as exciting as any U. S. TV or radio "be-bop," despite the fact that the chief corpse, the mummy of the mother of Cheops, never showed.

TWO of the series' titles will give you an idea of the nature and scope of broadcasts which BBC listeners are privileged to hear regularly: "Canterbury Cathedral—an exploration in sound of the great Cathedral Church of Christ, written by the poet and scholar Henry Reed, with music by Elizabeth Lutyens—an impressionistic portrait, evolving the cathedral's ages of ecclesiastical and political history, using the medium of sound alone to convey the effect of marble, stone, glass, and wood"; and "The Face of Violence, a symbolic portrait in dramatic form of the manifestations and motivations of violence in modern society."

Unfortunately, lack of space forbids listing here the NAEB stations that may carry this wonderful series. Consult your nearest university for local schedules if you are starved for some tough, satisfying long-hair listening; and if you find the series is not being carried raise a ruckus.

Personally, my native pride broods over this British achievement sullenly and in discontent but with some stubborn hope. Someday, somehow, America's scholars, poets, writers, directors, actors, musicians, and technicians may be heard on our audio-video networks with as much exhilarating freedom in idea and form as their fortunate brethren of the BBC. Meanwhile, a "Peabody" salute to WNYC is in order for airing these distinguished programs.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 11*)

developed a prose or a technique worthy of his subject and his fine intent.

Louis O. Coxe, a member of the English department of the University of Minnesota, is co-adapter of "Billy Budd," the Herman Melville story now being presented on the New York stage.

Fiction Notes

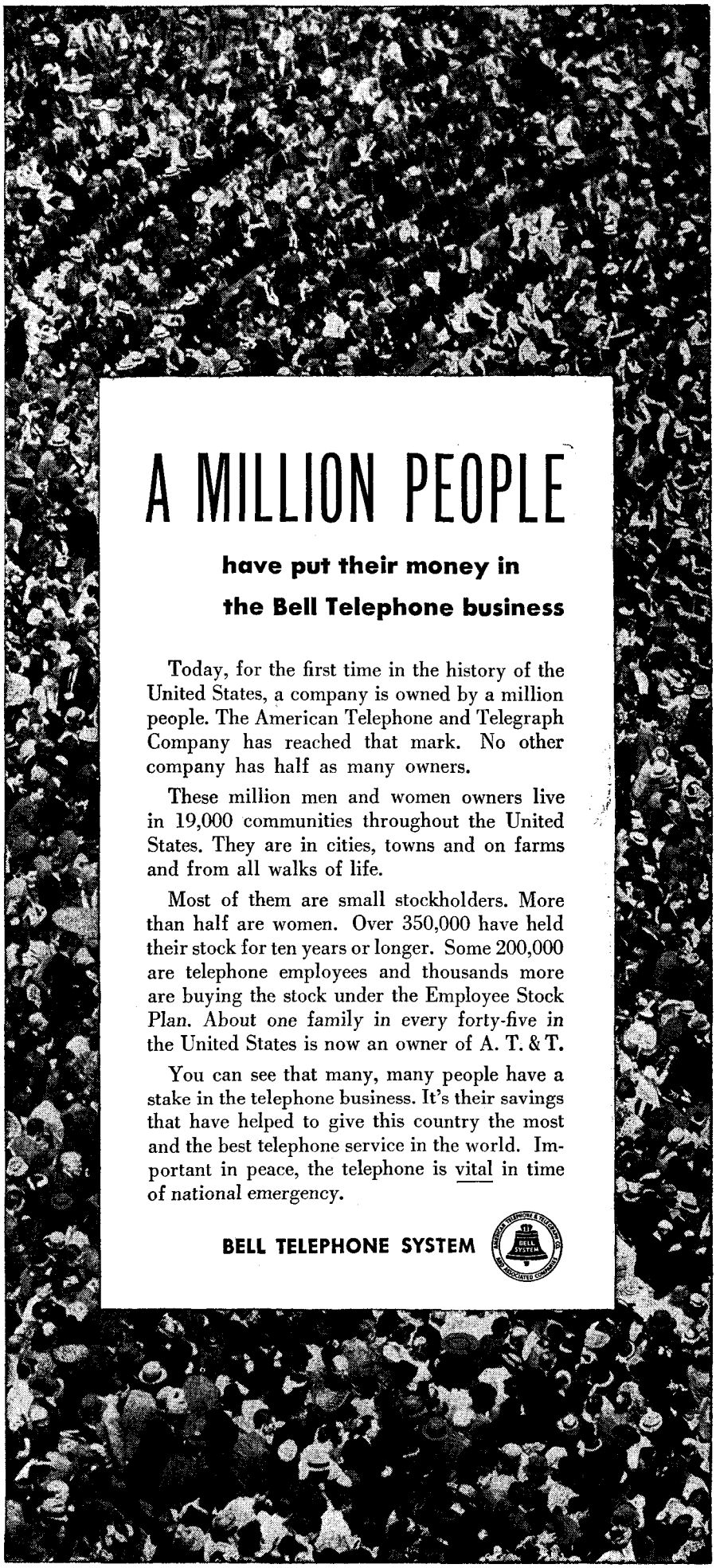
THE HIGH HILLS CALLING. By Anne Miller Downes. Lippincott. $3. Young Rex Brice was something of a playboy, rich, handsome, and at loose ends in those precarious and colorful days between the two wars. It was not until he met in Paris the divorced wife of a libertine French count that he began to feel the stirrings of a sense of responsibility.

This is the story of his short courtship and his marriage to Eunice, who had a fanciful complex about peacocks and how one might snare their ugly feet with golden chains. Eunice's dreams and ambitions were so different from Rex's that had he wholly discovered them he might have thought himself in the midst of a ghastly nightmare. But before this happens the latent decency in Eunice is awakened, and just in time she becomes the fully developed character she was capable of becoming.

"The High Hills Calling" has an absorbing romance in it and a number of truly stirring scenes, as when Collins, the mill overseer, frightened lest his daughter follow in the footsteps of her dipsomaniac mother, beats her unmercifully to his everlasting sorrow; or the car wreck, which is shudderingly real. There is the slow and sure development of Rex's character as he takes over his grandfather's mills and struggles with the growing problems of unions and labor. And there is an unexpected twist to the love story that leaves the reader with an enviable sense that all's right with the world.

—CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN.

EDGELL'S ISLAND. By Robert Presnell, Jr. Dial Press. $3. At the core of this novel are several provocative problems, like the generative specks of dust that are said to be at the hearts of pearls. We find young Edgell Shields at the funeral of his mother, Marya the glamorous and unpredictable (if we may borrow the words). Edgell hates being there,


A MILLION PEOPLE
have put their money in
the Bell Telephone business
Today, for the first time in the history of the United States, a company is owned by a million people. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has reached that mark. No other company has half as many owners.
These million men and women owners live in 19,000 communities throughout the United States. They are in cities, towns and on farms and from all walks of life.
Most of them are small stockholders. More than half are women. Over 350,000 have held their stock for ten years or longer. Some 200,000 are telephone employees and thousands more are buying the stock under the Employee Stock Plan. About one family in every forty-five in the United States is now an owner of A. T. & T.
You can see that many, many people have a stake in the telephone business. It's their savings that have helped to give this country the most and the best telephone service in the world. Important in peace, the telephone is vital in time of national emergency.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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he hates the memories of his youth, he hates the memories of Marya, he hates everything that has made him.

Now the specks of dust begin to generate and we are off, backward and forward in time, upon our several quests. Who and what was Marya? What has been the history of the Shields family and all its disreputable hangers-on, that people have loathed them so? And how shall Edgell find it possible to know and live with himself?

These are grave problems. Mr. Presnell handles them literately, if not quite in the responsible terms of literature. I mean to say that he has made a clever and entertaining job of it, without ever coming to uncomfortable grips with anything too real, too hurtful, too "serious." Seriousness, if I may close with a sermon, is in the mind of the writer—and thus we may have a story like this, about frustration, adultery, murder, and several sorts of perversion of the human personality, couched in the bright, glancing, and purposefully irrelevant terms of a magazine romance. I am sure Mr. Presnell can write well, but I am less certain that he cares to communicate anything.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

EDGE OF GREATNESS. By Winthrop and Frances Neilson. Putnam. $3. Benjamin Franklin, that statesman of varied talents—tradesman, printer, writer, inventor, scientist, and philosopher—was also a gentleman with a highly complicated personal life. Happily, he was in addition one of the most articulate personages in our history. Through journals, diaries, extensive correspondence, a famous autobiography as well as a vast bulk of public writings he left as detailed a record as one could desire of his personality as well as his powers. He nevertheless remains something of an enigma: the man was too varied, the contradictions in his life too great. So the scholars have frequently reworked his material, seeking the key to his complex character. And the fiction writers have not been idle. The Neilsons are the latest to essay his story.

"Edge of Greatness" focuses our attention on one day in Franklin's life, and the authors have skilfully made it a day of decisions so numerous as to reveal the infinite variety of the man. There were the political decisions: on that hot summer day Braddock's Army had suffered its disastrous defeat, and the Philadelphia Assembly had to decide whether to forsake the Quaker's traditional patriotism or run the risk of slaughter by the threatening French and Indians. Then, too, there was the vexing problem of the Catholics in Philadelphia. Suspicion of these as agents of the French seemed likely to undermine the Quaker City's respect for religious freedom.

In these dilemmas the citizenry looked to Franklin for guidance. He meanwhile was tangled in personal decisions of equal moment: the enmity between his wife and his illegitimate son was growing. His ardor for his wife was waning, and there was that troublesome question of whether her intellectual limitations would not be a drag on him in the possibilities of personal greatness he saw ahead. And there was his mounting love for the New England girl he'd met sometime before and with whom he had maintained an ardent correspondence. Should he foresake his wife and family for this love?

The Neilsons have him solve all these problems in one momentous day. They also manage to bring in reference to his writings and his experiments with electricity. The result, surprisingly, does not sound so contrived as one might expect. We get, rather, a pleasant and frequently moving account of a thoughtful man of matured and modern wisdom handling with integrity complicated domestic and public problems. Though occasionally the approach is a little too respectful, the stress is on his humanity, and he emerges from these pages as a very likable person.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE RAID. By John Brick. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. In a prefatory note John Brick explains the foundation upon which he built his story. "The chronology and events of this novel parallel those of the Battle of Minisink, in July of 1779, when Joseph Brant, with a party of Indians and Tories, attacked the hamlet of Minisink in Orange County, New York." Substituting Cedar Bush for Minisink and pitting the imaginary Tom Currie, ex-scout of the Continental Army, against the colorful figure of Joseph Brant, the author succeeds in re-creating that brief and bloody period in history. Although Currie,

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ALL TATTERED AND TORN

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, submits a quiz concerning literary characters whose torn or ragged clothing played an important part in their stories. Can you name the character and the work in each case? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 40.

1. A yellow horn button torn from the shabby ankle-length overcoat of this old hack driver proved him to be guilty of justifiable murder.
2. Even after the warden had deprived this voluntary prisoner of his mutilated white shirt, messages written on pieces of it continued to be dropped from his cell window.
3. In spite of her brier-torn gown and bare feet, this rustic maid won the heart of a judge.
4. This Oriental prince wandered about disguised in shreds and patches in order to evade a most unsuitable marriage.
5. His slashed mantle was exhibited at his funeral.
6. In exchange for his tatters this young beggar was given the royal robes of a prince.
7. The uniform of this water carrier consisted of a twisted piece of rag and a goatskin water-bag.
8. Garbed in his wares, this missing ragpicker turned up in time to prevent the execution of a lady accused of having changed him into a dog.
9. She wept so bitterly when her miserable cloak was caught in the wheel of a chaise that one of the passengers bought her a new one.
10. This genial workman, famous for his ragged apparel, admired the hired girl and her custard pies.

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his young wife, Jessica, and their neighbors fail to prove as interesting or credible as the Mohawk chief nicknamed "Brant the Monster," the reader is carried along on a high tide of suspense.

The settlers are alerted to a raid by the discovery of a map of Cedar Bush in the possession of a Tory farmer. Currie is dispatched to scout the size and location of the Indian camp, but an accident prevents his returning in time. Brant's war-party attacks and succeeds in burning and looting all but the fort. As hostages they carry off several women and children, including Jessica. Currie and the militia follow, meet and engage Brant in a sickening battle, which sees heavy losses on both sides. By pleading the Indian's as well as the white man's cause in this conflict the author points up the senselessness of those losses. Of course, Tom and Jess are reunited to give the story its happy ending.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

DESPERATE MOMENT. By Martha Albrand. Random House. $3. Martha Albrand's latest adventure story, set in postwar Germany, has the timeliness and impact of today's headlines. With her talent for creating realistically vivid atmosphere she transports us to the bomb-scarred cities; we see the people living makeshift lives in ruined shelters, hear unregenerate Germans talk Nazi nonsense, sense the uneasy watchfulness and cynical opportunism of the defeated country.

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Without its background "Desperate Moment" might have been just an average thriller, but its cancerous setting gives it a breathless, nightmarish quality. It is the kind of book one reads at one sitting, and much of its fascination lies in the journey on which Miss Albrand conducts us across the maimed remains of Nazi Germany.

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TOWARD the close of the nineteenth century and at the beginning of the twentieth some critics were advancing the idea that the novel was finished, that it was an exhausted literary form. Fifty years have passed since then, and during those years the novel has manifested great vitality and remarkable versatility, but one can still hear occasional whispers saying that its day is done. The whisperers, I think, fail to take into account the novel's protean character—its ability to alter its form almost endlessly in order to serve original genius, encompass fresh material, and satisfy new needs. Yet the English novel alone, not to mention those of other lands, provides abundant proofs of this ability. If any reader doubts this let him travel the long road—with its many bypaths—that Ernest A. Baker travels in "The History of the English Novel."

This huge work, which runs to almost 3,400 pages, was first published in England over a period of fifteen years, from 1924 to 1939, and has now been reprinted in the United States by Barnes & Noble (10 vols., $5 per vol.). It is, I believe, without rival in comprehensive treatment of its subject. In his quest of origins Dr. Baker goes back to the Greek romances, Anglo-Saxon poetic fiction, "the matter of Britain," and "the matter of France"; before he can point to any work that can properly be called a novel he has to make his way through Elizabethan translations and the experiments of Lyly, Sidney, Greene, Lodge, Nash, Deloney, Dekker, Bunyan, Behn, Defoe, and Swift. Then, after having confirmed the familiar fact that "the history of the English novel as a thing in being obviously begins with Richardson and Fielding," he plunges into the ever-growing press of novelists and novels that thronged the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and carries his conscientious, intelligent study of men and books down to the period of Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and D. H. Lawrence. The territory that he covers is vast, the individual volumes that he examines critically are multitudinous. In short, his achievement is of heroic proportions.

Naturally, no reader will find himself in agreement with all of Dr. Baker's judgments and evaluations, but one could hardly wish for a more fully informed, a more critically perceptive, or a more catholic literary historian. He is a keen analyst and a skilful expositor; he manages his enormous mass of material with a fine sense of proportion; he makes excellent use of quotation and synopsis. His most notable failure is one that he shares with everyone who has made the attempt that he has made—to define the novel. For how shall we define a literary form that can embrace "Tristram Shandy" and "The Naked and the Dead," "Pamela" and "Ulysses," the stories of Dostoievsky and the stories of Ronald Firbank, "Tom Jones" and "Mrs. Dalloway," "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" and "The Growth of the Soil," "Pride and Prejudice" and "The Postman Always Rings Twice," the fiction of Balzac and the fiction of Thomas Love Peacock? The best that Dr. Baker can do is to fix on a working definition that fails even to distinguish between novel and short story. But the impossibility of defining the novel strictly is, perhaps, sure evidence of its enduring character.

The history of the novel is the history of a literary form that has shown itself capable of an ever-increasing comprehension of life, that has constantly taken in more and more social territory, while embracing details of ever more refined minuteness and subtlety. A trend may be traced from external to internal life, from action to character, from bodily adventures to adventures of mind and spirit, from the typical to the particular. But this is only one of many directional lines that may be drawn. The truth is that the novelist's material is inexhaustible, the novel's capacity limitless.

The second, revised edition of "The Columbia Encyclopedia" (Columbia University Press, $25) has already been reviewed in these pages, but I should like to add my bit by saying that it is the fullest single reference book in my library. Of course, it does not hold answers to all the questions one might ask it; no book of the kind can do that. One may make a game of matching its omissions against its inclusions, but one must end by deciding it really deserves to be called invaluable. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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DOUBLE-TAKE

(*Continued from page 21*)

have gone into the making of America's greatest pamphleteers.

In the meantime he slipped off to Maine to write two novels, "Flood Crest" and "The Winds of Fear." His interpretation of the Mississippi scene is what might be expected, both in quality and approach, of a fighting editor turned novelist.

Another author from Greenville, which claims the title of "literary capital" of Mississippi, is David Cohn, now a self-styled New Jersey chicken raiser. He writes fondly of his delta background in "God Shakes Creation," later expanded as "Where I Was Born and Raised." In addition to these penetrating analyses of the social structure of the delta country he has also written, among other books, "The Good Old Days," a portrayal of American manners, morals, and "immorals" as seen through the stills of old Sears, Roebuck catalogues, and "Combustion on Wheels," a nostalgic summing-up of the early automobile age. David Cohn is a well-rounded man with a well-rounded (and grounded) prose technique.

Richard Wright, who lived some fifteen years of his turbulent youth in the general area of Natchez, Mississippi, entered the lists of America's topflight authors with "Native Son" and "Black Boy." Mississippi, either directly by theme or indirectly by attitude, enters strongly into Wright's work, which alone among the writings of Mississippi authors could be called a literature of protest.

This would indicate that the writers of the state, again excepting Wright, may be dissatisfied with Mississippi or might like to change it, but they have not rebelled. They have shown more satisfaction, sympathy, and affection for their environment than the writers of any other section of the United States.

The inclusion of Wright on this list may be questioned, certainly by Mr. Wright, who doesn't claim Mississippi, and probably by many Mississippians, who do not claim Mr. Wright on grounds that he has lived longer outside the state than in it. However, fifteen years in Mississippi is a long time, especially when these years are the first fifteen.

Any roll call of Mississippi writers would be incomplete without a score of other writers:

The late William Alexander Percy of Greenville, primarily a poet, whose best-known work is his autobiographical "Lanterns on the Levee."

Edward Kimbrough, a young Mer-

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idian, who teaches at the University of Alabama and wrote three novels, "From Hell to Breakfast," "Night Fire," and "The Secret Pilgrim."

John Faulkner, of Oxford, who in his three novels, "Men Working," "Dollar Cotton," and "Chooky," shows heavily the style and outlook of his older brother, William.

The late Judge Harris Dickson, of Vicksburg, who in "The Story of King Cotton," "An Old-Fashioned Senator," and the "Old Reliable Stories" revealed a skill at dialect stories which established him as an earlier counterpart of the South's Roark Bradford.

James Robert Peery, of Webster County, who utilized the fine fiction material around him in picturing small-town life in the hills of Mississippi in two novels, "Stark Summer" and "God Rides a Gale."

Frances Gaither, who grew up in Corinth and who evidences in "Follow the Drinking Gourd," "Double Muscadine," and other books the craftsmanship and consummate skill of a born storyteller.

Cid Rickets Sumner, formerly of Jackson and now a New England resident, who is the author of "Quality" (from which the movie "Pinky" was adapted), "Ann Singleton," "Tammy Out of Time," and other books.

Hubert Creekmore, of Jackson, who in turning from poetry to the novel, in "The Fingers of Night" and "The Welcome," followed the tradition set by Faulkner and others in uncovering the grubby side of Mississippi life.

Henry Herschel Brickell, a native of Senatobia since removed to the East, who has distinguished himself as a literary critic and editor of the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories series.

Dorothy Walworth Graham, of Natchez and New Orleans, who added to the large reading audience she acquired in "Lost River" with her second novel, "The Natchez Woman."

Elizabeth Spencer, of Carrollton, who was acclaimed for her fine picture of small-town and country community life in her 1949 first novel, "Fire in the Morning."

Shelby Foote, another Greenville author, who has been well received by the critics for his first two novels, "Tournament" and "Follow Me Down."

Mildred Spurrier Topp, whose "Smile Please" became a mild best seller last year with its prize-package glance into the recollections of her girlhood in Greenwood, Mississippi.

Lucille Finley, of Greenville, who was accorded the adjective "promising" for her first book, "The Coat I Wore."

Hodding Carter is not the only Mississippian to excel in the field of journalism. Mark Ethridge and Turner Catledge started their newspaper careers in Mississippi and later distinguished themselves in big-city journalism, Ethridge as publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and Catledge as assistant managing editor of *The New York Times.*

George McLean remained in Mississippi to employ his talents. As publisher of the *Tupelo Daily Journal* he introduced the famous Tupelo Plan, a community-development program which through local area marketing and processing has inaugurated a new day of prosperity and farm-town cooperation in the prairie-hill section of Northeast Mississippi. McLean also writes with his managing editor, Harry Rutherford, the *Journal*'s constructive, dynamic, hard-hitting editorials.

THE question propounded earlier—why Mississippi scores low on literacy and high in literature—has been asked more often than it has been explained. When Edmund Wilson and other reviewers for *The New Yorker* touched on the subject in 1948 they stirred the smoldering ire of Eudora Welty. In reviewing Elizabeth Spencer's "Fire in the Morning" *The New Yorker* reviewer wrote: "Despite the locale, Miss Spencer's men and women speak and act with high intelligence." Miss Welty was only briefly, maybe a couple of days, delayed in replying. "The 'intelligent,'" she objected, "refers to the books or their characters and the 'despite' refers to the author's living in Mississippi."

Offense Number Two was this statement by Mr. Wilson in a review of Faulkner's "Intruder in the Dust": "To be thus out of date, as a Southerner, in feeling and in language and in human realtions is for a novelist, a source of strength. But Faulkner's weakness also has its origin in the antiquated community he inhabits, for it consists of his not having mastered . . . the discipline of the Joyces, Prousts, and Cowards. . . . The technique of the modern novel with its ideal of technical efficiency, its specialization of means for ends, has grown up in an industrial age, and it has a good deal in common with other manifestations of that age. In practising it so far from such cities as produced the Flauberts, Joyces, and Jameses Faulkner's provinciality, stubbornly cherished and turned into an asset, inevitably tempts him to be slipshod and has apparently made it impossible for him to acquire expertness in an art that demands of the artist the closest attention and care."

The author of "Delta Wedding," herself practising the art of the novel

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far from such cities, proceeded to plug Mr. Wilson with a burst of Number Two shot: "Now there's one who is not only intelligent despite, but, it appears, not quite as intelligent because of . . . I shy at the idea of novel writing as a competitive, up-to-the-minute technical industry, if only for the picture it gives me of Mr. Faulkner in a striped cloth cap, with badge and lunchbox, marching in to match efficiency with the rest, only to have Boss Man Wilson dock him—as an example, too—for slipshod bolt-and-nut performance caused by an unsatisfactory home address."

This polemical standoff only further underscored the entire North-South, city-country, industrial-rural conflict.

The paradoxical subject of Mississippi's literature has been investigated thoroughly and painstakingly by Dr. Donald Davidson, professor of English at Vanderbilt University, who discussed his conclusions before the Southern Literary Festival at Mississippi State College in April 1950. He pointed out that the South of recent decades has been a traditional society which has arrived at a moment of self-consciousness favorable to the production of great literary works.

"A traditional society," explained Dr. Davidson, "is a society that is stable, religious, and more rural than urban, politically conservative. Family, blood-kinship, clanship, folkways, custom, community in such a society supply the needs that in a nontraditional or progressive society are supplied at great cost by artificial devices like training schools and government agencies."

Southern writers, he believes, because of this traditional society are not confused by the division between "head and heart" that is the problem of Northern writers, who work in a society ruled by science, industrialism, and progressivism, one that accomplishes material results and enshrines the limited special knowledge of the scientist and technologist.

Another factor often overlooked, Dr. Davidson believes, is that Mississippi has been the victim of fallacious generalizations on the basis of averages. These averages have obscured the fact that a part of the population ranks extremely high in educational standards.

Statistics are made misleading by a second factor. That is that Mississippi is predominantly a rural state. This means that there are fewer telephones, less indoor plumbing, fewer libraries, fewer homes with electricity, and not nearly as much wealth. An urban society, however, is not nor ever has been characterized especially as a source of literature. What fosters literature is a debatable question, but certainly the mere presence of concentrated population does not.

Those who oppose this view will point out that the city is more conducive to the production of literature because of its publishers, its libraries, its bigger and better schools and universities, its newspapers, magazines, and other proving grounds for writers, and its markets for stories. But America's greatest literature, if published and promoted in the city, has come as much from the country, the soil, the local color, the agrarianism, the back yards and the backwoods, the small towns and villages as from the city.

A rural state such as Mississippi has not only the drawbacks to literary production but also its fully compensating advantages. One compensating advantage is that a small town or community is easier to understand, to grasp, to synthesize than the many-sidedness of metropolitan areas. Mississippi, not being as progressive, as mechanized, as standardized, as specialized, and as close to the spinning whirligig of modern multiplicity, offers fewer distractions, more time and more space, and more timelessness.

MISSISSIPPI'S folkways, family ties, and clanship, as Dr. Davidson has aptly pointed out, have made its people more interested in what a man does, whom he marries, and whether he hunts or fishes than in how much money he makes, whether he finished high school, or has ever had syphilis.

These factors, even summed up, are inconclusive because they deal with elements which cannot be measured by the pound or marked off by the foot. In one of his novels Faulkner may have come nearer an explanation than anyone else. It is an explanation that on its surface sounds unfair to the outlander, but it will have to do until a better one comes along. In "Absalom, Absalom!" a Canadian named Shreve McCannon says to his Harvard roommate, a Mississippian named Quentin Compson: "Tell me about the South. What's it like there? What do they do there? Why do they live there? Why do they live at all?"

Quentin, who sometimes seems to speak for Faulkner, answers: "You can't understand it. You would have to be born there."

B. J. Skelton himself originated in the state of Mississippi and has migrated only as far afield as Memphis, Tennessee. He is currently a member of the editorial staff of the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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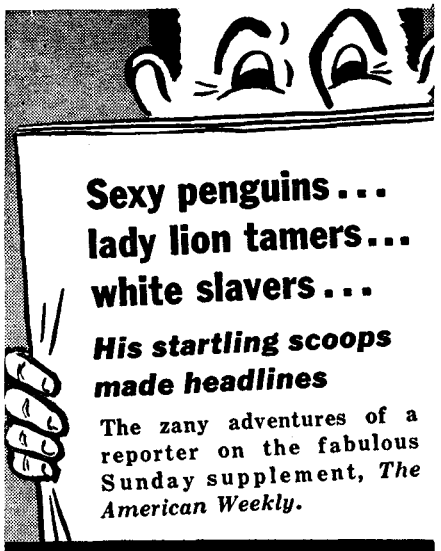

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(*Continued from page 15*)

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U. S. A. Notes

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE DOLLAR. By Herbert Feis. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.25. From 1931 to 1943 Herbert Feis was the U. S. State Department's economic counselor. By occupational sympathy, therefore, he is not one to pillory the arrogant striped-pants set (how few actually wear them) or wax glibly and knowingly critical on the folly and selfishness of our foreign economic investment. On the contrary, Mr. Feis, while admitting our past failures, thinks the Department has, if anything, not been arrogant enough in guiding foreign commercial policy. Moreover, he believes that the U.S. dollar is a very proper and useful implement in the furtherance of our policy objectives.

This small book considers foreign dollar activity in the 1920's, Mr. Feis's pre-Departmental days. That we wound up owning a flock of defaulted bonds and unpaid accounts receivable is an oft-told and well-known story. But what makes Mr. Feis interesting is his concentration on the little-known details and his sure hand in defining the Department's attitudes and efforts—or lack of them—toward making the dollar work abroad. He is especially informative on the private U.S. loans extended against the Department's wishes to Japan that helped build her into the enemy she became, and he relates how United States diplomacy picked the lock to Middle-Eastern oil on behalf of American interests.

Mr. Feis does not recommend the past, except for its experience. He repeats Lord Bryce's dictum that "the chief practical use of history is to deliver us from plausible historical analogues." And so in summation he writes: ". . . even when a country's foreign policy is well reckoned and clear the task of directing its foreign investment over a span, say, of three decades is something like pinning the tail on the donkey, blindfolded. When the foreign policy is neither adequate nor clear it is not possible to know even where the donkey is. That was the case in the two decades between the wars." This time Mr. Feis has higher hopes—if we spend our dollars in such manner as to back up our words.

AIRWAYS ABROAD: The Story of American World Air Routes. By Henry Ladd Smith. University of Wisconsin Press. $4. This book is all about the political sorties, economic dogfights, and propagandist barrages that have shaped U.S. international aviation policy and sent American commercial airlines winging into the wide blue yonder after passenger fares, freight profits, and mail subsidies. Showing a diversified knowledge of aeronautical matters as they interrelate business and politics, Mr. Smith weaves a fascinating tale of an industry that is just approaching maturity. Aside from the Soviet bloc, the globe is now circled and crisscrossed by commercial air routes, and much of that is traceable to American expansion, enterprise, and ambition. Mr. Smith's contribution in this book is a historical synthesis of how it happened—the early pioneering, the search for a policy, the factional disputes, the amicable arrangements, and the sheer good luck.

It is without doubt an exciting story and, more important, a valuable story. For this book, far from devoting itself to engineering triumphs and the mystical glories of sailing through space, probes the relations between Government and an industry to their ultimate effect: the public interest, necessity, and convenience.

The author writes well and objectively on an immensely controversial subject. Though most of his material deals with the past decade, little of it has been available to the public through ordinary channels. And that is another of Mr. Smith's services. His running account of the behind-the-scenes warfare between Pan American Airways and virtually everyone else in aviation is both intriguing and instructive. His analysis of our conflicts and competitions with Britain for air routes is fair-minded. Surveying the pressure on Congress by aviation lobbyists and attempts to manipulate Washington agencies concerned with airline regulation, he is deadpan. But Senators Brewster and McCarran and Pan American's fabulous boss, Juan Trippe, emerge with something less than A-plus credit.

Highly recommended to aviation aficionados and the general reader of non-fiction.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

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WHEN MEDICINE MAKES THE HEADLINES

(*Continued from page 8*)

losis, and arthritis, to mention only a few widely publicized diseases.

So far I have mentioned only those dangers that arise from premature and overenthusiastic reporting of legitimate medical discoveries. Actual deception also finds ready access to the public through medical advertisements in the daily papers and magazines—an outlet restricted only by the conscience and finances of the advertiser.

The matter of medical advertisements presents a sordid picture, one that affects the health of an incalculable number of people. They are, by and large, deceptive. They frequently carry testimonials, the merit of which may be judged by a quotation from the Toronto *Star*; "If your brains won't get you into the papers, sign a patent medicine testimonial. Maybe your kidneys will." This matter has an exceedingly serious angle. Today one can pick up almost any daily paper or magazine—and how unfortunate it is to see some of the more respected ones weakening in this respect—and be startled by advertisements, sometimes full-page, lauding the benefits of this or that remedy for stomach ulcers, colitis, constipation, bronchial coughs, arthritis, asthma, rheumatism, kidney troubles, and various other disorders. The malicious thing about these advertisements is that they invariably delude the patient into thinking he can cure himself. Self-medication follows, with the result that the victim of this quackery ends up in the hospital (or at the undertaker) with cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease, or some other malady, which if treated in time by the physician might have been prevented or cured.

IT WOULD stagger the imagination if one could even approximate the amount of illness and number of deaths, to say nothing of the spread of communicable disease such as tuberculosis, that could be prevented by the press refusing to participate in deception regarding matters of health. If a newspaper has a conscience let it attempt to reconcile fraudulent advertising with editorial piety. These publications cannot criticize health authorities for not properly providing for tuberculosis patients and on the other hand carry advertisements for bronchial coughs, knowing full well that such coughs may be due to tuberculosis. They cannot bemoan the existence of cancer and, on the other hand, carry advertisements for the cure of stomach ulcers, which any physician knows may be cancer of the stomach.

Yes, medical advertisements in the lay press are sinking to a new low. If manufacturers and distributors persist by deceptive advertising in mulcting an unsuspecting public of millions of dollars, to say nothing of cajoling them into serious if not fatal illness, that public in due time will voice its resentment, and those who are morally at fault will find that this is not good business.

Need one say more? The answer is obvious. If newspapers and magazines must accept medical advertisements—and it's difficult to see any commendable reason why they should—let them cooperate with the medical profession in the interest of public health and submit for approval all such advertisements to the local county medical society authorities. Radio and television will also have a unique opportunity in this respect to serve the public. Let it be hoped that they will take full advantage of it.

One might ask at this point, "How is the public to be assured of getting reliable, trustworthy medical news?" In reply I would use the words of Steven M. Spencer, associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*: "It is the science writer's contention that the public should learn of new developments touching its health just as soon as a number of qualified physicians feel that the development has promise and that it has been tried out sufficiently to justify continued use." With this the medical profession will wholeheartedly agree. Unfortunately, much medical news does not measure up to Spencer's contention. I will explain why.

Physicians and their colleagues in allied professions report to each other by appropriate means, either at medical meetings or through professional journals, that some new method of diagnosis or a new drug or operation has appeared successful in their hands and merits further investigation. Further investigation may confirm the original observations or it may demonstrate that what first appeared helpful is actually harmful and should be abandoned. In the meantime, however, the original reports have found their way into the press, the public has been misinformed, many sick individuals have been disillusioned, and confidence in both the press and the profession placed in jeopardy. The reason: premature publicity.

The timely release of trustworthy news — not advertisements — largely

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becomes the responsibility of the medical profession. It provides the news, and the public rightly places on it responsibility for the character of the news. To best discharge this responsibility, however, there must be established an effective and conscientious cooperation between the profession and the press. This is not a simple matter, through no fault of one or the other. I believe the press as well as the profession is earnestly striving to keep the public promptly and adequately informed. Science writers of today enjoy a reputation for accurately reporting the news that is provided them through releases and interviews with the medical profession. These men and women do honor to their own profession; their official body, the National Association of Science Writers, is to be congratulated for its successful efforts in promoting the publication of dependable scientific news.

The medical profession is morally obligated to see that the press secures such news at an opportune time. Toward this end all institutions and associations engaged in medical activities should designate certain individuals who are professionally qualified and who are experienced in public relations to determine what news they should release for publication and when they should release it. Institutions as well as individuals exhibit a desire to rush into print at times with news that borders on the melodramatic. This is not consistent with good taste or good judgment and is to be deplored. Rare indeed is news of such momentous importance that haste is desirable in its publication. The science writer for the magazine has more time than the newspaper reporter to evaluate and prepare his material. He has time and opportunity to check the investigation's value.

OF TREMENDOUS assistance to all physicians and science writers in medicine is the American Medical Association and its press relations division. This division cooperates with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, Foods and Nutrition as well as with various committees and officers of the AMA in assembling information that the medical profession, press associations, newspapers, and news magazines throughout the country can always respect for its accuracy and dependability. The AMA stands ready and able at all times to serve the people and the physicians of this country in the promotion and protection of the kind of medical practice that will best contribute to their welfare in sickness and in health.

The people should be kept abreast of important developments in medicine. Such knowledge provides them with a sense of security, keeps alive their interest in matters of health, and above all acquaints them with the thrilling advances in medicine and surgery that have been accomplished under a system of free enterprise and unhampered opportunity. Premature and unbalanced medical reporting inflicts harm on both the doctor and his patient. By greater cooperation medicine and the press have the opportunity to eliminate this evil. There are great areas of medical progress that need to be more adequately publicized. There is much good news to report, without at the same time jeopardizing lives and creating a nation of neurotics by means of exaggerated and imperfectly tested claims.

Russell S. Boles, M.D., is associate professor of medicine at the Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania and physician to the medical division of Philadelphia General Hospital.

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Summing Up	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Title and Author*	*Verdict*
THE DARLING SIN *Jean Leslie* (Crime Club: $2.50)	When Dr. Paul drove Ellen to her family's California valley home he thought they would be married soon. But confusion, murder, and danger intervene.	Interesting characters in promising situation of psychological deeps—but opportunities seem mostly muffed, though book is very readable.	Promising — but not quite
JUDGMENT ON DELTCHEV *Eric Ambler* (Knopf: $3)	Playwright Foster, covering Balkan treason trial for U.S. paper, discovers the Achilles heel of heroes, ruthlessness of power, and how a delicate stomach reacts to shots on a dark street.	People and situations symbolically real; style deceptively matter-of-fact but sucks you deep and tensely into the drama.	Emphatically "adult entertainment."
THE GRINNING GISMO *Samuel W. Taylor* (A. A. Wyn: $2.50)	Letter from "dead" friend lures Henry Chatsworth Oates III from plush circumstance into sordid swamps of California crime, which includes sacred and profane love.	Endless contrivance of implausible suspense made up mainly of double-double-cross and other switcheroos. Characters with no character, and style a bit silly.	An off day

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
THE SOLO VOICE		
With Orchestra MAHLER: "THE YOUTH'S MAGIC HORN." Lorna Sydney, Alfred Poell; Vienna State Opera Orch., Prohaska. Vanguard LP: VRS 412/13 (2)	▶ Almost a superb recording—but Poell's big baritone, Sydney's big, wobbling contralto both are distorted. (Too close to a wide-open solo mike?) The orchestra is tops.	To this generation Mahler's short song cycles with orch. are a revelation. Powerful, imaginative music, superbly orchestrated; starker, more mature than "Wayfarer." Unforgettable.
DANCO — OPERATIC RECITAL. Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Erede. London LP: LLP 224 (Charpentier, Verdi, Massenet, Bizet, Gluck, Purcell.)	▶ Nice orchestra; the voice a bit uneven with numerous passages that tend to blast a bit, a slightly muffled quality. (I've noticed this boxed-in voice sound before on ffrr.)	Here's the voice for those who distrust "opera singers" — her French-style purity and accuracy will delight critical ears, her taste and restraint too. She tries everything but is most at home in the French.
NIKOLAIDI—OPERATIC ARIAS; SONG RECITAL. Columbia Sym., Cleva; Jan Behr, pf. Columbia LP: ml 2165	▶ Nicely done contrast: two views of same voice. In opera she is properly at some distance, in an operatic liveness; in the songs she's closer. A workmanlike job of intelligent recording.	A bigger, more dramatic voice, *mezzo*; tremendous power, clean musicianship, bit monotonous in color. Her "large canvas" is best in Italian opera; the German lieder are unsubtle, if accurate.
STEBER — "DRAMATIC SCENES FROM VERDI OPERAS." Met. Opera Orch., Cleva. Columbia LP: ml 2157	▶ Similar to the opera half of Nikolaidi, but Steber is closer, more in relief. Also an excellent job.	Steber's dramatic sense shows to advantage here; her vocal control is excellent. Yet one feels a lesser musicianship than in the two above.
SAYAO—MOZART ARIAS; FRENCH SONGS. Assorted orchs., conductors. Columbia LP: ml 2152	▶ Evidently a convenient LP collection, from earlier discs. Bit dullish, with some metallic buzz, on wide range machines.	Good cross-section of the pert, very musical Sayao voice. She is stylistically neutral here—midway between the French and German.
With Piano, Etc. SCHUMANN: "LIEDERKREIS"; BRAHMS: SONGS WITH VIOLA, OP. 90; LIEDER. Lorna Sydney; E. Morawetz, vla., W. Loibner, pf. Vanguard LP: VRS 411	▶ An interesting problem of esthetics here—the Sydney musicianship and intelligence is patent, but the Sydney voice has such a vibrato (a constant half step) that actual determination of the intended pitch is matter of considerable intellectual work! Won't bother those well up on voice; uninitiates will find the going tough. A very interesting collection of unusual music.	
SCHUMANN: "FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN." Uta Graf; John Newmark, pf. Allegro LP: AL 75	▶ Small-room recording—a richer sound would help. Piano too much in background, voice blasts at louder points.	A really excellent job of interpreting this difficult and sensitive work, if a bit on the rapid side. Graf's German style is faultless.
BRAHMS: "VIER ERNSTE GESANGE"; SCHUBERT: 3 ITALIAN SONGS, "DER KAMPF." Randolph Symonette; Alberta Masiella, pf. Colosseum LP: CLPS 1002	▶ Big, clear bass voice sound, wide range, the peaks well handled. Piano a bit in background; not bad.	A fine, big baritone, the music dramatically, understandingly projected, if with occasional slight lack of control. Schubert's Italian songs make a nice novelty.
GRUEN: NEW SONGS. Georgianna Bannister, sop. Composer at the pf. Elektra LP: EKLP-1	▶ Noteworthy composer-presented group settings (German, English, French) of Rilke, Kafka, Hölderlin, Cummings, Japanese poets. Gruen, 24, has abundant gift for the song, an easy contemporary style, sense of vocal line in spite of occasional ineptitudes, the voice part gratefully singable; singers might investigate. Fine singing here.	
SPANISH FOLK SONGS. Victoria de los Angeles; Renata Tarrago, guitar. RCA Victor LP: LM 63	▶ "Apartment" recording—from RCA: a smallish-room sound, the voice off-mike. (A balance problem, no doubt.) Beautiful quality just the same.	"Art song" settings mostly, the voice hardly folk-like—but these are lovely; the singing breathtakingly beautiful. Canteloubites try! —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 19)

difficult problem of what plays to omit, and those included in this volume have long proved their box-office appeal: Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" (H. Wolfe translation)—proof that sentimentality can be manly; Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest"—the most biting example of pre-Shavian social satire; Molière's most frequently imported "The Miser"; Shakespeare's infallible "Othello" and "Twelfth Night"; Sophocles's "Antigone" as adapted by Jean Cocteau (C. Wildman translation); Ibsen's realistic and symbolic "Ghosts" (Eva Le Gallienne translation); Strindberg's thought-demanding fantasy, "The Ghost Sonata"; and, finally, Arthur Miller's moody analysis of the circumstances surrounding the "Death of a Salesman."

One might disagree with the selection of Cocteau's adaptation of Sophocles's "Antigone," which robs the Greek drama of eloquence and substitutes colloquial oversimplification. A better choice along the same line might have been the brilliant "Antigone" version of Jean Anouilh, whose formidable French reputation is slowly being recognized by the Broadway theatre. What makes this an especially commendable anthology is the fact that Mr. Bentley, who is one of our most readable and constructive drama critics, has written stimulating introductions to the plays which should whet the appetite of the uninitiate for more playreading.

HE THAT PLAYS THE KING: A View of the Theatre. By Kenneth Tynan. Longmans, Green. $2.75. At the age of twenty-three Mr. Tynan has already scored as an independent English theatrical producer, following a stint at Oxford, and has some experience in acting and playwriting. This volume of seemingly helter-skelter dramatic criticism should prove to be a startling experience for any reader who turns its pages without warning. For here we have a torrent of verbal and emotional pyrotechnics accompanying a sincere exploration of dramatic literature and acting, both past and present, for heroes worthy of Mr. Tynan's worship. Among actors today Mr. Tynan singles out Laurence Olivier for heroic proportion. He calls Orson Welles, who, incidentally, has written a delightful and complimentary preface-letter for this volume, "an actor of heroic pretensions," but his great picture "Citizen Kane" has a laxative effect on hero-worship, which Mr. Tynan deplores—"what I am urging is that we need, *not* cure, but *infection*."

Comedy comes in for some pertinent comments. For example, Mr. Tynan wonders whether one root of comedy may not be "the unveiling of feminine traits beneath the masculine exterior," pointing to Bob Hope's boasting of physical prowess and leaping on a chair at the sight of a beetle, Jack Benny's fear of wrinkles and age and his toupée fussing, and Cyril Ritchard's "district-nurse effusiveness." Our greatest comedians, Chaplin, Barrault, and Danny Kaye, also exploit feminine "neatness, fastidiousness, finical tidiness." Of the Marx brothers he aptly says:

> The rest of society is a house of cards with which they play a private haywire game of gin rummy. Groucho, I think, holds the aces; beside his wary rapacity Tarquin is just a college boy, and not even Casanova could make love with a cigar in his mouth.

When Mr. Tynan writes about contemporaneously important American, English, and French plays and movies in essay and review form he is respectfully irreverent and brilliantly mature. His analysis of the art of acting as represented by Olivier, Gielgud, Jean-Louis Barrault, Aldo Fabrizi, and a host of others is criticism at its best. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

ENGLISH LITERATURE 1660-1800: *A Bibliography of Modern Studies Compiled for* Philological Quarterly. *Vol. I:* 1926-1938. *Foreword by Louis A. Landa. Princeton University Press.* $5. This is an excellent aid to the serious reader and the student of eighteenth-century literature. In it the vast miscellaneous mass of scholarly writing that comes off the presses annually is conveniently classified and soundly criticized. Its functions are very important, for in popular literary magazines and newspapers this kind of writing is either allowed a pittance of space or, far worse, disregarded. The *PQ* bibliography is a safeguard, too, against the shoddy scholarship that goes into books, whether technical or popular ones, for it uses a staff of experts who have both the training to assess the merits or flaws of a book and the space to discuss it fully. As a record, then, and as a corrective this compilation is a very welcome book. It will soon be followed by a second volume to bring the bibliography up to 1950.

THE ART OF T. S. ELIOT. By Helen Gardner. Dutton. $3. This sympathetic study is a sound, often brilliant, examen of the most powerful English poet of this century. Wisely, Miss Gardner focuses her attention on Eliot's most recent long poem, "Four Quartets," and on his most recent pre-cocktail play, "The Family Reunion." His earlier poems, especially "The Waste Land," have been adequately explicated, notably by Matthiessen and Cleanth Brooks; besides, the modern reader can more easily comprehend the spiritual wastelands than the private world of religious experience of the quartets.

The four titles of the quartets are place names, yet only two years ago a Belgian critic (writing in French) supposed that Little Gidding was "the name of a little boy dear to T. S. Eliot." Miss Gardner elucidates such things easily enough and almost succeeds with the religious mysticism, using every tool of prosody, structure, language, and literary history (including Eliot's). But she throws in the sponge at one point—the only exceptionable sentence in her book—when she writes that his theme of Christian penitence and resolve and of personal disaster "gives to almost every line a deep ambiguity which it is not the critic's business to remove." (Why should criticism of *public* utterance recognize private reticence?)

There is no space here to discuss all the virtues of her book. Especially fruitful are her analyses of Eliot's prosody (with its traditional sources) and of the parallels between "The Waste Land" and "Ulysses," published the same year. (She does not, however, follow the comparison with their sequels—"Four Quartets" as retreat and "Finnegans Wake" as disintegration.) In general her book is a persuasive guide to Eliot's art and artifice. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Uncle Caesar, in "A Municipal Report," by O. Henry. 2. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, in "The Problem of Cell 13," by Jacques Futrelle. 3. "Maud Muller," by John Greenleaf Whittier. 4. Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert. 5. "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare. 6. Tom Canty, in "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mark Twain. 7. "Gunga Din," by Rudyard Kipling. 8. Matthew Skipps, in "The Lady's Not for Burning," by Christopher Fry. 9. "Alice Fell," by William Wordsworth. 10. Raggedy Man, in "Our Hired Girl," by James Whitcomb Riley.

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COMPANION-TEACHER, wide cultural background, responsible, efficient. Children like me. Can work with any age or adult. Travel anywhere, own car. Summer. Box 741-G.

WIDOW, sixtyish, well, alert, wishes remunerative, interesting employment. A.B., taught English raised two sons, have traveled; can type, drive; congenial, adaptable, varied interests. Will travel. Box 774-G.

MATURE WOMAN, EUROPE-BOUND, June 1, take late Chrysler car, Italy, Switzerland, France, also follow the swallow. Want 2 or 3 companions to share automobile expense. Box 794-G.

GRADUATES YALE JUNE. Seeks employment in Europe. Summer or longer. Box 615-G.

TO SHARE WITH WOMAN Connecticut home on river, 50 miles New York. Kitchen privileges. Box 616-G.

PERSONABLE MALE, 20, deferred collegiate, typing, shorthand, summer position traveling Europe. Box 617-G.

WE'RE TIRED of using our brains! Reporter, teacher, secretary, all female, 26, attractive. Want open-air jobs—resort? ranch? boat? Box 618-G.

WOMAN, wide interests, desires correspondence with mature man. Box 619-G.

PARISIAN, cosmopolite, pianist, just arrived U.S., seeks feminine correspondence. Box 620-G.

YOUNG LADY of simple tastes, wants to hear from males without woes. Box 621-G.

LADY, established factory business, seeking partner to expand, good opportunity. Box 623-G.

WILL personable, efficient young man with car and leisure assist another's barn-storming summer. Box 624-G.

REAL HOME IN MANHATTAN! Perfect for literary people! Spacious 5-room co-op. Charming old house. Elevator. Fireplaces. Sunny. Excellent service. Quiet neighborhood. Convenient location. Modest investment would include remodeling and decorating to your needs and taste. References. Box 625-G.

ARE YOU A PHILATELIST? For buying, selling or just information, write: Saco, 5 Union Square, NYC 3.

SANE, sensitive, English major seeks stimulating position with magazine, radio or other mass media concern. Box 627-G.

STRICTLY MODERN furnished cottage on Minnesota's finest lake. Excellent fishing, hunting and beach. $695 for season. Utilities furnished. Box 629-G.

ADVENTUROUS, HANDSOME, MALE, genius, 24; demands immediate companion position anywhere. Box 630-G.

YOUNG journalism girl graduate, desires correspondence from young men college graduates. Box 631-G.

LET ME do the dirty work on your literary project. Alert, imaginative Cornell man, 20, trained in bibliography, European literature, wants steady summer job assisting author or editor with private research. Box 612-G.

NATIVE FRENCH TEACHER would tutor or be governess, summer months. P.O. Box 2043, Tucson, Arizona.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, interests, literature, esthetic culture, welcomes cultivated interesting correspondence. Box 457-G.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

PRIVATE ROOM WANTED, in Manhattan, in mid-June, by college professor, single. Box 742-G.

COMPOSER wants poems, lyrics. Abraham, 1522 University Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

WOMAN, SCIENTIST, LAB TECHNICIAN, M.D., or nurse; intelligent pioneer type. Please write male, Box 744-G.

BUY BEFORE IT COLLAPSES! 6-room Cape Cod, 2 acres; picturebook village. Prodigious cleaning, restoring needed, but worth it! David Barrett, Acworth, N.H.

FURNISHED OFFICE, Fifth Ave., near 42 St., $30 monthly, NYC. MUrray Hill 7-6695 mornings.

GENTLEMAN, Hopkins University, Bordeaux, linguist, research, as tutor, gentleman's secretary, editing, research. W. S. Hastings, Caesar Rodney Hotel, Lewes, Del.

YOUNG single resident physician, weekends, evenings free, needs work. Suggestions? Box 749-G.

COUPLE, or single person, to share Long Island home on harbor, summer months. Quiet, scenic. Swimming. Box 750-G.

YOUNG LADY requires inexpensive apartment NYC. Consider sublease. Box 752-G.

LADY PLAYWRIGHT, welcomes correspondence with persons similarly interested. Box 754-G.

YOUNG COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, speaks French, German, Spanish, drives; seeks interesting summer employment. Box 755-G.

SECLUDED ADIRONDACKS COTTAGE, woods, brook. Near swimming. 20-foot living room, fireplace; kitchen, bedroom, bath. $250 season. Box 756-G.

YOUNG COUPLE, students, graduate clinical psychology and law, seek summer employment anywhere. Box 757-G.

TRI-LINGUAL 5-year-old boy seeks Washington summer student for part-time companionship and recreational program. Modest compensation and/or room 4 blocks from Library of Congress. Box 758-G.

CHARMING GIRL correspondents wanted by young economist. Box 761-G.

COPIES of academic college newspapers wanted by part-time doctorate candidate. Box 762-G.

WOMAN! Young man like to hear from you. Box 764-G.

CHURCH MUSIC IS MY HOBBY. Desire correspondence with organists and choir directors. Box 765-G.

CO-AUTHOR of 1948 best seller, desirous of doing research for writers on cash basis. Box 767-G.

FOR SALE: Long-established bookshop located in large Eastern city. Write Box 768-G.

QUIET, IRREVERENT CITYPHOBE greets gentle, considerate, thinking miss. Box 769-G.

FOR RENT: 1719 & 1939—2 oil-heated, furnished houses on 12 acres, ideal for writer's or painter's family; large dining-sitting room, 5 bedrooms, studio, 2 baths, garage. Kenneth Macgowan, c/o Theodore Schaefer, Brewster, N. Y.

ONCE ACCLAIMED as talented writer here, abroad; now recovering from long illness; seeks job. Box 772-G.

PENNY COVERS MANY. Postcard brings you folder package tour Boston, NYC, or Washington. FREEDOM TOURS, 236 Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

PERSONALS

WILL MATURE MALE with serious interests, also light, write female believing congenial companionship is top goal in living? Box 638-G.

FEMALE, somewhat intellectual addicted to all the arts, once avid for life and conversation, still sensitive and "idealistic," possibly interesting. Box 676-G.

YOUNG MAN, professional, desires traveling companion on 2-week camping trip, summer. Box 684-G.

YOUNG LIBRARIAN, linguist, widely traveled, desires 1 month summer position. Box 688-G.

GENTLEMAN seeks interesting correspondence from mature, discriminating female. Box 689-G.

VETERAN, bored, desires stimulating correspondence or opportunity travel companion. Box 610-G.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 23-August 10, 1951. Write for information.

A TRULY INTERNATIONAL SUMMER on this continent. Learn languages by living them. Lake, mountain setting, Vancouver Island, at the ELAN International Center, Le Camp Francais. Box 303-G.

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"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

WRITER LIVING IN COUNTRY offers good home and reasonable salary to unattached woman who is willing and able to combine secretarial duties with supervision of school-age children. Literary education, knowledge of shorthand and some experience with children necessary. Please state full particulars preliminary to interview. Box 735-G.

ADVISE HER: Unusually able, attractive, experienced, efficient administrator; mature, creative; rich background; suddenly widowed, two children; wants position in something that matters. Anywhere. Box 773-G.

GET READ ABOUT. We put people and products in the news. For individual consultation call: Ann Kelber, Public Relations Consultant. 509 Madison Ave., Suite 1810, MUrray Hill 8-2767.

100% FREETHINKER seeks correspondence with available freethinker miss. Box 476-G.

WHAT IRREVERENT MISS enjoys symphony, solitude, nature, reading? Box 595-G.

CHARMING old 5-room house, completely furnished in antiques. Adults only. Rental $150 a month. Emily Vail, Warwick, N. Y.

AT THE INTELLECTUAL BYRDCLIFFE, a fine camp for your children. THE FRENCH CAMP, Woodstock, N.Y. Telephone 9489.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write: Catholic Information Society, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

TRAVEL RIGHT: Write for free information. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

APARTMENT NEAR COLUMBIA, librarian, wife, quiet cocker. July, August, $150. Box 669-G.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, wishes to hear from young ladies who are fond of dancing, books, pets, children and movies. Box 796-G.

YOUNG MAN, would like to correspond with refined girls who love music. Box 795-G.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2 Middlebury, Vt.

KNOLLFARM—small guest house in Vermont mountains. Excellent food. Comfortable living. Write: Box 55, Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

MAYTIME IS TROUT-TIME at Blueberry Hill. Lucullan food. Country splendor. Brandon, Vermont.

HANDS COVE INN, Lake Champlain, Shoreham, Vt. Rest, serenity, good food, cultural atmosphere. $45 a week, semi-bath. Brochure.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N.Y. Secluded. Guest cottages. Privacy ideal for writing or other creative work, or for just plain loafing. Mountains and lake for inspiration or recreation. Food varied and best. Charles H. Tibbits.

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE. 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Pennsylvania Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School campus. Reservations by week or month the year around. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

WRITERS, ARTISTS, inspiration, relaxation, Key West, SURF HOTEL, near beach. $15 weekly. Box 685-G.

BREAKWATER HOTEL. Woods Hole, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Artists, writers, thoughtful people, find relaxation and inspiration in quiet sea-port village. Near beach. Summer theaters. Cool. Booklet.

LANIER - ON - THE - PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, arts and crafts and gift shop. $50.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO. Guests taken by day or week. Simple informal atmosphere for vacation, creative work or convalescing. Cool summers, sunny winters. $50 to $60 a week. Faith Wait, Box 235, Rte 1.

MOORLAND HOTEL, On-the-Ocean, Gloucester, Massachusetts . . . modern elevator, theatre, art, sports, cocktail lounge. From $49 weekly. Modified American Plan. Write for Folder S.

CANADIAN LODGE, Gravenhurst, Ontario (famed Muskoka Lake district) offers best in Canadian vacations.

PRIVATE WOODED RETREAT, western Maryland, Alleghenys. Always cool. Exquisite countryside, swimming pool, excellent food. Limited number guests; early reservation advisable. For information write: Mrs. Gene Yell, 709 N. Jefferson, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

HONEYMOON SECLUSION at "EDGEWOOD," Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Hilltop ocean view, 8 acres woodlands and gardens. Beautiful, spacious accommodations from June 1. Strawberry Festival June 16, 17, 18. Island Steamer Excursions.

PIGEON HOLLOW LODGE, Waitsfield, Vermont. Mrs. R. Joy. Writer's widow provides congenial amosphere for writers, artists. Mountain view, tempting meals, restful, reasonable. Till June 25 address Bethayres, Penna.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, fine view. $40.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Excellent accommodations. Swimming, private beach. Sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $38 weekly, up. Folder.

PICKEREL for the hooking in SOUTHWIND'S private lake. Woodbourne, N. Y.

GUYS AND DOLLS forget AFFAIRS OF STATE! Don't just MAKE A WISH in this TWENTIETH CENTURY for an OUT OF THIS WORLD, SEASON IN THE SUN. For THE HAPPY TIME, complete with private beach on L.I. Sound, sports, and food and cocktails fit for THE KING AND I, telephone Branford 8-3805 or write for Folder R-1, OWENEGO INN, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 895

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hebrew mystic, self-styled Messiah who gathered a large following (1626-76; var. sp.).	59 138 19 64 128 72 83 97 38 15
B. Popular phrase combining Cambridge and Oxford Universities (3 wds.).	89 157 63 140 24 2 51 104 129 177
C. German poet, philologist, etc., whose best-known poem became a national hymn.	36 81 152 142 175 42 34 94
D. Seat of Wyoming University.	119 134 54 27 145 162 62
E. Name of Beethoven's fifth piano concerto.	100 60 17 121 31 4 107
F. Sculptor, "Lincoln" in Lincoln Park, Chicago.	160 49 143 125 32 168 184 117 136 159
	79 178
G. What Horace Walpole called Goldsmith (2 wds.).	55 170 126 163 23 66 37 11 148 86
	182 151 70
H. Newspaper editor, president Associated Press, 1900-38.	165 108 77 173 122
I. A Philistine of Gath (Bib.).	7 186 137 147 131 48 78
J. Architect, Times Building in New York (1853-1921).	85 33 112 18 164 96 172
K. Work of gypsy life by George Borrow, 1857.	144 44 109 53 111 82 120 20 105
L. Dilapidated auto or airplane (slang).	80 56 12 166 39 188
M. American humorist in many fields (1879-1935).	167 149 14 98 75 67
N. Hunts ducks or game by decoying.	187 154 43 50 88

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. First name, heroic, understanding man in "Die Meistersinger."	161 74 57 179
P. Town in England of a notable cathedral.	3 92 133
Q. Dutch physical chemist, Nobel Prize, 1901.	114 176 135 35 84 180 45 69
R. To pierce through with anything sharp.	58 22 29 146 101 41
S. Sacred mount in China, object of pilgrimages for several thousand years; shrines on way and at top afford wonderful views.	46 30 1
T. Town built on mountain slope, near Naples, Italy; noted for cathedral.	9 61 169 5 141 115
U. Translucent; clear.	130 93 26 40 110 158
V. Wearing a defensive skullcap with armor.	153 124 171 106 95 183
W. Poem by Edmund Spenser in celebration of his marriage, 1594.	65 91 113 52 71 21 28 103 155 127
	68 10
X. Maine operatic soprano with the Met., etc. (1859-1914).	150 6 99 174 25 16 118
Y. Tiny West Indian bird, order Coraciiformes, genus *Todus*.	76 13 116 8
Z. President of Harvard Univ., 1869-1909.	102 181 87 47 132
Z¹. Anything remarkable of its kind (slang).	185 90 73 123 139 156

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 S	2 B	3 P	4 E	5 T	6 X	7 I	8 Y		9 T	10 W	11 G		12 L	13 Y	14 M	15 A
16 X		17 E	18 J	19 A	20 K		21 W		22 R	23 G	24 B	25 X	26 U	27 D	28 W	
29 R	30 S	31 E	32 F		33 J	34 C		35 Q	36 C	37 G		38 A	39 L	40 U	41 R	42 C
43 N		44 K	45 Q		46 S	47 Z	48 I	49 F	50 N	51 B	52 W	53 K	54 D	55 G	56 L	57 O
58 R	59 A	60 E		61 T	62 D	63 B	64 A	65 W	66 G	67 M		68 W	69 Q		70 G	71 W
72 A		73 Z¹	74 O	75 M	76 Y	77 H		78 I	79 F	80 L	81 C	82 K		83 A	84 Q	85 J
	86 G	87 Z	88 N	89 B	90 Z¹	91 W	92 P	93 U	94 C	95 V		96 J	97 A	98 M		99 X
100 E	101 R	102 Z	103 W	104 B	105 K		106 V	107 E	108 H	109 K		110 U	111 K	112 J	113 W	114 Q
115 D	116 Y	117 F	118 X	119 D		120 K	121 E	122 H	123 Z¹	124 V	125 F	126 G	127 W	128 A	129 B	130 U
131 I	132 Z	133 P		134 D	135 Q	136 F		137 I	138 A	139 Z¹		140 B	141 T	142 C	143 F	144 K
145 D	146 R	147 I	148 G	149 M	150 X		151 G	152 C		153 V	154 N	155 W	156 Z¹	157 B	158 U	159 F
160 F	161 O	162 D	163 G		164 J	165 H		166 L	167 M	168 F	169 T	170 G	171 V	172 J	173 H	174 X
	175 C	176 Q	177 B	178 F		179 O	180 Q	181 Z	182 G	183 V	184 F	185 Z¹	186 I	187 N	188 L	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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THE MILLS OF THE KAVANAUGHS

By ROBERT LOWELL. The Pulitzer Prize winner's "third book of poems carries his work to a new level of excellence and maturity . . . The title poem, which runs about 600 lines, is magnificently sustained, one of the richest achievements of contemporary poetry."—GENE BARO, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* $2.50

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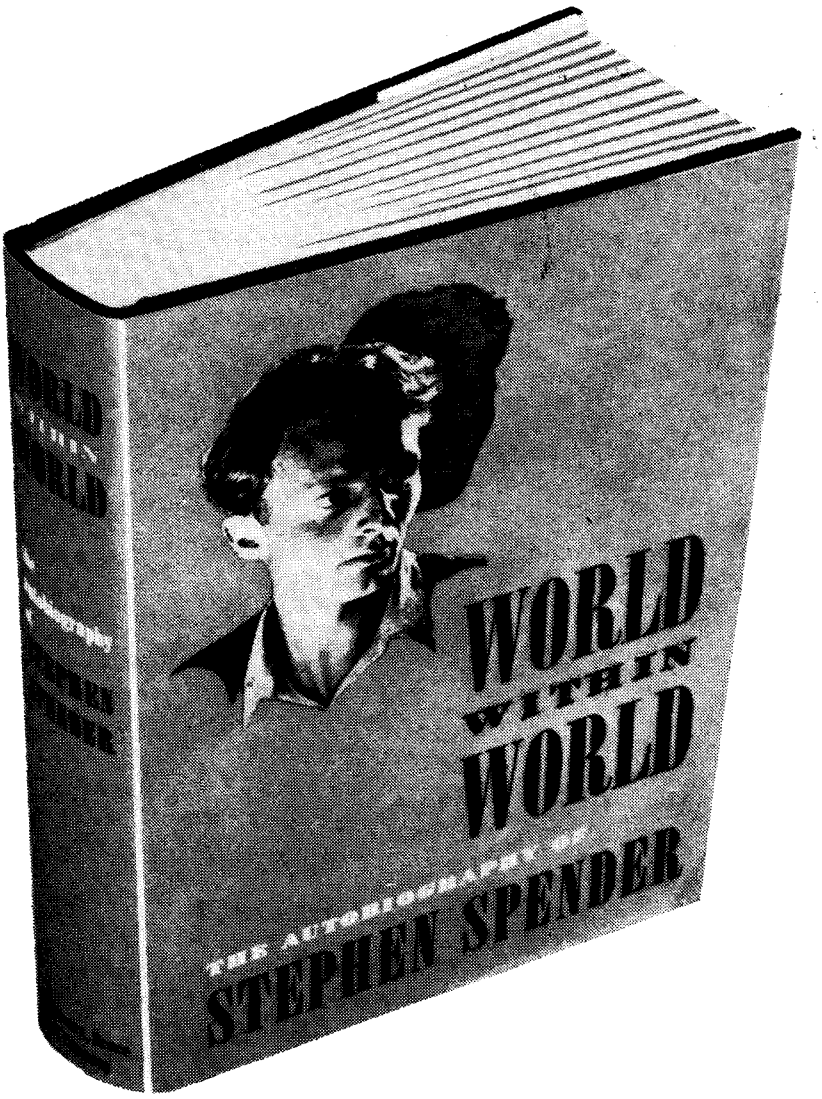

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—CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, *Tomorrow.* $3.50

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